MULTATULI.

LETTERS.

Contributions To The Knowledge of His Life

Arranged and Illustrated

By

M. Douwes Dekker-Hamminck-Schepel.

SIXTH VOLUME.

Translation by:
Nicolaas Steelink.

Nicolaas Steelink
2228 E. Second St.
Tucson, Ariz. 85719

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FIRST RECITALS.

(After "Loveletters" appeared: "About Free Labor in Netherlands Indies". This work was written in Brussels and from a letter from the publisher, the firm R. C. Meyer, to the author that survived, it appears that the complete manuscript came into their possession on the 14th January 1862.

Shortly afterwards -on the 21st January- Multatuli returned to Holland, where he wanted to be in order to begin his "Ideas", in accordance with the program which he had submitted in "Free Labor". Dekker now went to live in rooms with the pastry baker Knobel in Amsterdam's Kalverstraat.

The agreement was that the issue of the Ideas would be for the mutual account of author and publisher. But since circumstances did not allow Mr. Meyer to pay any money down on account, Multatuli decided to hold public lectures in order to exist.

In Handels-and-Effectenblad, of which Mr.G.Broens was then Chief Editor, these recitals were widely discussed, but I do not know where those papers might still be found. Also the "Japanese Talks" by the author were first printed in serial form by that paper in the numbers 1 - 4 February, 1862. And I looked over General Handelsblad, but although it carried minute accounts of the juggler Bamberg's art; about the tricks of the improvisator Beerman; about a variety of concerts, recitals etc., about Multatuli I could find nothing except his own announcements.

In General Handelsblad of 7 February appears the following announcement:)

Ideas of Multatuli.

In the Dageraad I read an appeal to support me.

That appeal comes not from me, nor was it written with my knowledge.

In Handels and Effectenblad I find a similar summons. That too comes not from me, nor was it written witn my knowledge.

I write my Ideas, I write my Ideas only, and whoso wishes to know something about me, must seek this in my Ideas.

Process van Lennep, struggle with Drystubble-ism, my judgment about Church, State, the Family, Police, Justice, Virtue, Morals, Belief or whatever.... everything I put down in my Ideas.

What elsewhere is published in relation to me or my cause is for the account of whosoever does or does not sign it.

I only write my Ideas.

Multatuli.

(In General Handelsblad of 14 Febr. 1862.)

Recitals by Multatuli.

I intend to hold six recitals of a literary nature.

The first lecture will take place in the large hall of the local Frascati, next Thursday evening the 20th at eight o'clock.

Admission F 1.- and for all six recitals f4.50 per person, (gentleman or lady) on sale at the bookdealer's R. C. Meyer, Vygendam I 628 and during the speaking-evenings at the hall.

Multatuli.

(And in the issue of 19 Febr. 1862.)

In spite of my declaration, quite clearly expressed in many announcements that I intend to hold a recital of a literary nature, I perceive that many people are under the impression that I shall treat of something of a colonial-political nature. To prevent disappointment to the many who expect something from me that at the moment does not suit me to give, I am making it known to the public that I shall be dilligent in making my recitals as much as possible fiteed to be attended by Ladies.

(And it was indeed necessary that he did something in order to provide for himself and his family. This is apparent from the following announcement which was placed in the First days of February 1862 in a trio of dailies.)

I serve notice on the people of the Netherlands that before me lies a letter in which some one threatens me with the sale of my "goods".

My "goods" are: the clothes of my children.

Other goods I have not.

That's your shame again, Netherlanders, that's not my shame.

Amsterdam, Eduard Douwes Dekker.
31 January 1862.

(In the city-archive lies a manuscript of this announcement with the notation, "please insert free of charge." Erroneously the manuscript is dated 1861. In Idea 84 Multatuli says;)

"Byron swam the Hellespont, but he did not have a cannonball tied to his leg.

"Yesterday I kicked off a thirty pounder that for the past four years has bothered me while swimming. (Handels and Effectenblad, Handelsblad, Amsterdam Courant 1,2,3 or 4 February, 1862. This advertisement must live as long as my Ideas.)

I will cross the Hellespont and felt I could no longer swim with that thirty pounder tied to my leg.

(In the now following letter -in pencil- to Tine, the advertisement is broadly dealt with.)

TO MRS. DOUWES DEKKER VAN WYNBERGEN.

I

Wednesday evening, 9.30.

Dear Heart! full of courage.

By now you must already have my telegram: "lettre à la poste, bientot davantage," and upon receipt of this you must already have a letter with f50.- as a start. More soon.

And it's my hope that you'll never again be in need of a little money.

There you are my dear, good Tine. My Tine, my lovely angel. I hope,

I hope good days for you, and us together. What do you think? Don't say now that I haven't done well. I was so busy lately that I couldn't even write to you how I wormed through. I only wrote: carry on. Now, that I knew you would, but still I feared all the time that you might get discouraged.

Of the Ideas there are already four sheets finished (and printed) but I will not let them be issued before I finish reciting. Follow the daily paper. All will go well.

I will now explain the announcements. I had a letter from Fuhri in which he threatened me etc. You know how such letters make me unfitted to do anything. They prevent me to work. Eight days long I had that letter before me as a spook and I could not do a thing. Then I reasoned so: What oppresses me? Not present lack of income, as what we need I can earn if I can work undisturbed. Now this is impossible with such a tiraillement (uncertainty, Tr.) that returns again and again. But if I waste a year in a continuous state of agitation, of bitter suffering and worrying about spooks (that are such letters to me) some one else will ask: what did you do all that year?

I had to do something radical in order to drive away those spooks. Worse than declaring myself bankrupt is impossible. Whoso now threatens me again I'll refer to that newspaper. And with that I gain composure to work. This is in our interest as well as that of our creditors.

Now I make a brusque separation between old debts and living costs.

The latter I hope to take care of, so dearest child have courage, I will win. Dagh, dearest, kiss the children. Tell all to mr. van Vloten. Now I shall win the affair with v. Lennep too. The Ideas are beautifully printed, a real deluxe edition. It storms subscribers. "Free Labor" goes unprecedented.

The Amsterdam Ct. says that I am right in using the word rotten, and it copies it. I will win.

(Now in relation to Multatuli's initial recitals, Dr. Hendrik de Vries, who attended them, says in the Dageraad of 15 Maart 1887: .... His first six recitals were announced. Everybody was deeply interested to see and hear Multatuli, everybody had big expectations of him. The first rows were reserved by Amsterdam's notables. I saw there councillors, judges, city councilmen, teachers of various subjects and what not all, the hall was full.

He made a beautiful recital that made an impression by his personality too.

I can surmise that he, during his time in the Indies, often succeeded in quelling uprisings by his voice and personality alone.

During the pause I heard all around me diverse persons, and in my view capable people, praise on grounds they mentioned.

In the second part of his talk Multatuli spoke among other things, about certain actions of the City Council in a derogatory manner and wound up saying: "do you know what those members deserved.... (he allowed a moment of tension) "all of them should have been thrown out of the window."

A pity that Dr. de Vries failed to mention what motified Multatuli to use this expression. He never spoke unmotified. Dr. de Vries charged it to this occurrence that the first rows of seats remained empty during the second recital. The notes attached to them carried the sentence pronounced over Multatuli by the higher social stand, says he.

At first Multatuli was not aware that the enthusiasm of his hearers had dwindled. So it did at following recitals. (He wrote to his wife.)

II.

Evening 12 o'clock.
(without date: after the first recital)

Dearest Heart. All is well. Everybody says that it was good. I am quite satisfied. My voice etc. pleased me, everyone heard each word, although Frascati is large. I spoke (or read) from 8 - 11 with two short pauses. Certainly longer than 2½ hours. Well now, I wasn't even tired. Although I thought myself so weak but spoke with much ease. Everyone is satisfied. I had about 400 people. But among them were many free tickets. But that's nothing. Everyone says that next time more people will come. I am very pleased.

Meyer too said that it was very good. -The worry about daily bread has passed. Goddankd. Goddank.

I had a distinguished public. Until the last it was so quiet one might have heard a pin drop. That was a good sign. Dagh, lovely one.

Most comical was that my audience as well as myself were fooled by each other. They expected violence etc., and I was genteel. I anticipated foot stamping and instead it was so quiet, yes quieter than in a church. Only once did I hear some one very softly rise.

Oh dearest, it went so well!

III.

Friday morning 11 o'clock.
(Sans date, probably after the second recital.)

Dearest, gone reasonably well. I say only reasonably, as I am but half satisfied. I still had a cold and had difficulty speaking. Besides it was unfortunate that it rained hard just between 7.30 and 8 o'clock, streets were muddy, so that there were less people than there might have been otherwise. But there were many women among them.

I am only half pleased. Never mind. 'Tis quite a tour to speak three hours (almost) when one's throat tickles so. Besides I had been so dull in my head the past 12, 14 days due to that cold. I had had no élan, no fire, no lively impressions.

Now, or this afternoon I will settle with Meyer (who takes care of the receipts and managing of the money) and then I will immediately send you some.

It made quite a difference that it began to rain so suddenly, just at that time. I am certain that I would have had more people if the weather had been good. Now there were bitter few people, that means if I deduct the free tickets, those I had to give if I wanted to have friends in the hall.

IV.

Dear Heart! I see there in H. and Eff.blad that my recital is getting high praise. This is more to be ascribed to camaraderie of Broens than to the reality. There has been no earsplitting applause. I thought the applause rather cool. But were this not so, I personally was not pleased. I had no *élan*, neither at the preparation nor during the recital.

Besides I had become angry because some refused to refrain from smoking.

Nor is it true that there was such a large audience (only more women) and in a hall as large as Frascati 240 isn't very much. Of that there were at least 100 free tickets, so that after deducting expenses I received only a little over f80.-

If I can have this every week it's well enough, but it's also a chore.

Be this as it may, it can always provide an existence, and the fear for daily need is gone.

No, the high praise of the H. and Eff.blad is camaraderie. I am in debt to Broens for it, but plainly speaking I do not care for it.

Good day dearest Tine. I am leaving for Rotterdam to lecture. I want to save as much money as needed to get us together again. Dagh dearest, kiss our children.

(About later recitals I find no letters.)

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CORRESPONDENCE PAPERS.

(In letter 1 we have seen that the appearance of "Ideas" was postponed till after the first recital.
This work originally appeared in instalments of loose sheets with a cover of colored paper. The title was printed on the first page of this cover. On page 3 and 4 the publisher announced diverse works and page two was used by Multatuli for correspondence. Not for each instalment was a new cover printed so that one sometimes received the same correspondence page two or more times. Here follows the "correspondence" of the first cover.)

I receive many letters, which I may call official, they being addressed to me in my capacity of public person. I beg to be allowed to treat of them in my Ideas. Time to answer them separately I have not. It's simply impossible to answer them all. I am alone and those who write are many.

With the issue of the first Instalment I feel obliged to request that readers take a look at my program and to remember that this program cannot be fulfilled in six pages or so. I also urgently request all to pay attention to the Introduction.

The lovely letters from K.v.d.B. I will answer. I will tell what to me appears to be the truth. But in all instances, thanks for tone and meaning.

Will some/one help me to a report of the Second Chamber discussions in which Mr. D.v.T. descends so low on the state of affairs in the Indies. (I mean: treatment Col. Budget, 1860) I need same for my piece about Pennyplating, and am unable to obtain it.

B. O. at B. Forgive me for not having answered you. I have but little leisure. I hear that you are Q., and do not live at Batavia as I assumed from the date (16 Nov.) "They" say that I wrote the piece signed Q. That's too bad. Also do some still think that I am Hagiosimandre. That too is sad. Do "they" not know that I do not use detours? Best wishes.

I do not hold myself a candidate for member of the Chamber before the present Chamber has been dissolved. I would be unable to accomplish anything with the four or five indeed honorable members. Neither are they and I wonder why they don't, by going home, protest against the shameful insignificance of the whole

L. M. You are not entitled to make grammatical errors. You are a common soldier and must remain in the ranks. I sentence you to three years compulsory exercise at Weiland.

It's impossible for me to mail my writings in the immediate future to the Indies by lack of commercial correspondents and money for postage.

Thusly, whoso in the Indies will remain informed about the struggle I carry on against Drystubble-ness in all its meanings, is invited to give to my publisher, the firm R. C. Meyer at Amsterdam the address of the correspondent in the Netherlands to whom my works, immediately upon publication can be delivered.

I request any friend in the Indies to cause this information to be placed in all Indies' Newspapers. -I have no money.

Multatuli.

(The third paragraph of this Correspondence was directed at the now deceased Mr. R.J.A.Kallenberg van den Bosch at Breda who always remained a true and hearty friend of Multatuli from this time till his death.

The same may be said of Mr. Braunius Oeberius to whom the fifth paragraph was directed. He too always remained a true friend of Multatuli. The final six weeks of his life he and his lovely wife were on a visit with us in

Ingelheim.

At that time he wrote under the pseudonym Quintillianus and had made a call in the periodical the Dageraad, in the twelfth number of 1862, p. 372, that began thusly:

> 'Let us be human beings, all belonging
> to one church, the Free Church of God,
> where he is priest who wants to be
> human, where altars stand upon which
> good deeds enoble life.
> Aramaldi.

Men of the Dageraad! There is something good to be done!

Do you hear the call to arms? It calls you to battle! It calls you to gather under the banner that carries your motto: Magna est veritas et praevalebit. It calls you to unite with a human being who accepted the heavy struggle for humanity and justice -the noble struggle which humans must carry on.

There is something good to be done.

Hear ye, that is your war cry, your battle slogan! Up to arms! Up to the struggle that truth and humanity demand of you; that religion, conscience and honor command you; a struggle in which the victory is assured you by the highest ally: God!

There is something good to be done.

Men of the Dageraad! Multatuli is maltreated! Multatuli and his family suffer want. Multatuli is entitled to, and has need of your help! Yes, Multatuli must be helped. Helped by you who are his congenial spirits; by you who know him, esteem, honor and admire; him the much carrying, the human being among humans; the man among the many unworthy of the name of man. You must help him. You!

Kings do not help him; kings are too busy signing pension lists, giving of orders of knighthood and listening to audience goers who have nothing to say.

Politicians do not help him; they are too busy making speeches in Chambers and trafficking in votes of Chamber members.

Christians do not help him; they are too busy helping themselves, and with fighting about religion and form services.

No, Christians do not help him, were it only because he takes no part in their comedy play, their god worship.

The "Public" does not help him because among the "public" no human beings are to be found; and Netherlanders do not help him because they do not want to be interrupted in their restful retirement.

Now who will come to the side of Havelaar but those despised men of the Dageraad who cannot and will not be Christians and whose religion simply consists of devotion to duty.... They must help; They who will assist the brother when humanity demands this from them; they who want to do their duty, from love of virtue and not from christian calculation of hope for reward or fear of punishment.

Men of the Dageraad, I call on you for Multatuli ! For him and his cause."

(In the thirteenth issue of the Dageraad, vol. 1862, appears the following letter from Multatuli in reply .

V.

To Quintillianus.

Only yesterday (2 February) I read your hearty summons in the January number of "the Dageraad".

I have been at home since for a couple of months (at Brussels, where I hide my wife and children) and mister Gunst, who has the kindness to donate "the Dageraad" to me, had saved the numbers for me that came out during my absence.

I thank you.

But, Quintillianus, I thank you in all meanings.

I thank you with inner thankfulness and with steadfast refusal.

You write your piece from B.... Is that Batavia? I hope so. For see, it had often puzzled me that there, and generally in the Indies, where all can know that I told the truth --what people here with ignorant impudence pretend to doubt- that people there do not take a stronger part for my cause. Often this has caused me grief; but your letter to the men of "the Dageraad" makes me hope that at last there will come warmth in the tepidity.

That I suffer want is true. That I work with difficulty with such a bulky weight on my mind, is also true. That it is fair play to look upon it with indifference how some one swims frantically with such a heavy cannon ball at his leg -one who after all has not done such great harm- see, that too is true.

All of that is true. But yet.... emergo.... emergo.

If you are a Batavian....if you are there only two years since, I must tell you something of which you cannot be aware. You cannot know the Dutch "Public" any more. Experience has taught me. One who arrives for the first time in the Indies is not so alien there, such a novice, as is the Indies' man who returns to the "fatherland". Relatively all is small. Have you in ripe age seen the school again that looked so roomy in your youth? The teacher who looked so tall when you were little?

Well now, so is all here, all!

One example, but only one, as I cannot waste time becoming bitter. That hinders me in my work. Thusly one example. Recently the man in whose house I had a room informed me -with much emphasis and much interested astuteness- that some one had inquired about me with deep concern.

Regarding my conduct, Quintillianus! If, perhaps, I drank, Quintillianus! Whether I came home late...Quintillianus!

'And,' said my host, 'that gentleman seemed to have come especial from The Hague. You are aware, sir, that I told him that you didn't drink.'

The last part he said in a tone that rather sounded as being entitled to appreciation. And so I thanked him quite politely, since I owed him rent.

No, Quintillianus, you no longer know the Netherlands, and you are nothing less for it.

But knowing the Netherlands for what they are, you would not have written that lovely, hearty, fiery summons. Do you know what they say? They say: "He wrote that himself," and "J'ai mes pauvres."

For some time since some one writes very piquant articles in the "Handels and Effectenblad". He calls himself Hagiosimandre. The man -I know who he is, but the public doesn't- takes my part. Him too I thank in every way. But the Public, rather than acknowledging that some one takes my part, says that he is

I. Whoso writes against me can hide his name. Whoso writes in my favor let him name himself lest the public grasps that pretense to grieve me and say, that is he himself, who asks for money, who begs, that is: he is nothing but a beggar.

That damages my cause and that must not be.

I claim to be entitled to help. But that help must reveal itslef in a different manner.

Speaking of a committee. Yes, but not to collect money.

There must be committees formed to collect signatures to the followng address or something similar:

"Sire, there is a man who constantly blames us for very unpleasant things.

"We request of you, Sire, to start an inquiry. We want to know if that man is an imposter. If so, then we shall not mind him; but, Sire, if that man tells the truth, then we wish to improve ourselves.

"We now are rather well aware of what free labor is, and we also know now very well what the Culture System is. Therefore, Sire, we are begging with the humility becoming to subjects to order your ministers to let those matters rest for a while and occupy themselves with something else.

"We wish to have the right, Sire, to spit in the face the man who slanders us or -if he does not slander- to offer him our thanks for the courage with which he told the truth.

"We beg you, Sire, to deliver us from the dilemma between thankfulness and indignation, and we believe, Sire, with the former submission and humility, that you, in so acting, would do well indeed."

I do not necessarily recommend this wording. Style, make-up etc. must be altered by some one who is accustomed to write requests, rental contracts, death notices and addresses.

And with that my good, hearty, Quintillianus, farewel. Rely on my emergo -and greet our friends. I write ideas.... comprehend once for all. And still people think that I have time to write letters for alms. That is very ignorant of the Public.

Amsterdam, 3 February 1862.

Multatuli.

(Now follows the second Correspondence Paper that subscibers for the Ideas received with the third instalment.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

Epistle to a great many.

Nice to make your acquaintance. Quite well, thank you. You too? That's fortunate, since if you were not well I would not be able to do anything about it. The weather is... as you say. Yesterday it was... as you say. Tomorrow it will be.... as you say. The Havelaar is beautiful. Anything else?

Then go to the devil and let me alone, mister pleasure-acquaintance-maker. I am busy, you know.

Mister G. at Utrecht thanks for the humoristic album. Please, one remark: that barber on the vignette holds his knife the wrong way. He cuts away from himself.

I would that every one who writes against me, sent it to me. I've no need of what's in my favor. I know that myself. But I've not always time

thanks to individuals. That I make an exception this time for mister G. is because of that wrong print.

State papers for the penny-plating-game..... Claudite!(Finally!) Thanks to all!

I cannot reply to everything, but I do take note of everything.

I urgently request that the very esteemed writer of a letter from The Hague, send me her address. Her initials I will not mention. I have in mind the letter that contains: "yes, your histories of authority are sad, but still there are things that are much, much sadder." That letter is already months old. I had reasons for not making this request sooner, but now I insist on it in a friendly way. She herself can comprehend that I have to tell her something.

Multatuli.

(In September 1860 it was said in the Second Chamber that the appearance of the Havelaar had caused a shudder to go through the country and there are still a few people alive who recall the shiver that went through them with the debut of Multatuli.

Vosmaer characterized that tersely in his "Sower":

"We literary people men all knew each other, old and young. We knew what any one of us could give at the moment. No great apparitions made us look up and we expected none....

Then in 1860 that book from Insulinde shot in like a shaft of lightning and caused a fire. The book's name was Max Havelaar..."

But thusly it was not only in the literary world. "Loveletters", "Free Labor", even "Ideas", that by now have become common property, almost a saw, at that time aroused a fever of excitement.

Something is apparent from it, not only from the already quoted article by Dr. de Vries in the "Dageraad" of March 1887, but also from "A personal memory" by Mr. P.J.van Eldik Thieme which was printed in that same Multatuli number of the Dageraad. There he says:

"At the same time it should here be mentioned how Dr. Coster could be fired up at the discussion of certain Ideas from the first bundle that

with most people live on the tip of their tongue. I could be so full of them that my now deceased father gave me a somber look when it occurred to him what might become of me with such an outlook on life."

Thusly it was in many a household.

And that was how it went in the family of the girl then twenty two who was summoned in the last paragraph of this Correspondence. She had never met Multatuli yet, but later became his second wife, and it is to her to whom the now following letters were written.)

……

VI.

Amsterdam 28 april 1862.

Dear Child - I cannot call you anything else- my dear child! Even as early as last night I received your letter and it takes too long to explain why I reply only today. Oh, indifference, lack of heart it is not! Even today I would rather not write.... due to all kinds of circumstances I am somewhat out of sorts and would much have preferred to choose a tranquil and cheerful moment. But since you say you are pleased with my intention to write to you, I do not want that you would wait in vain.

What do I have to tell you? I feel the need to give you a quite hearty handshake in this writing. Was that worth the trouble of sending out a call to you? To me, yes, and I hope for you too.

I receive many letters. Most of them I lay aside . "I write so beautiful!" (that bores me) "One feels so much sympathy, but begs me sincerely not to tell any one." (That one is a man then, you know, a lord of creation and the establishment -some one bearded, having power, pretense and what further belongs to men.... except courage) "One is very much disposed to me, but would like to know if it's true what people say, namely this, that I am a scoundrel?" "One has so enjoyed my writings" .... etc. etc.

You see, such letters I lay aside for the greater part.

Your letter, your first letter, was very dear to me. At once I felt the need of knowing you, but hesitated replying in fear of grieving you since I was not allowed to risk revealing your incognito (the very logical incognito of a young girl.)

Oh, your innitials I would not have revealed at any price! As early as the first issue of the Ideas I had written for its cover an earnest call for you, but I withdrew it because I feared saying something in it that might point you out in your environment.

Now I thank you for your confidence. I have read much in both your letters and plainly I reply more to what you do not write than to what is written, although that too is so lovely. But do not call me great, my child.... good I am.

Yes, I feel the need to stretch out my hand to you and at the same time realize that this pleases you, and also are not sorry for having obeyed a beautiful feeling within on that "Sunday morning" (the only date of your first letter. That was a church attendance of your inner self,eh?

I stretch out my hand to you. That is a token of love. Love -I need not tell you that I use this word in an exalted sense, in a very exalted sense- love is the desire to give and to receive.

Daily do I realize the exactness of that definition. Your impulse as you wrote your first letter was love for what is good.... you had to reveal it by giving and you did this so that receiving gave me joy! I was proud of your gift. Ignorant are they who think that something like that is humiliating. I comprehended you quite well, you sent your heart! Oh, once for all, where I say something like that I don't mean anything that.... no, it would be foolish to explain that to you. I never mean anything vulgar.

You had love and would give. I want to give in return. What? Whatever you wish, dear child. Would it please you that I write heartily? That now and then I make you cast a glance into my inner self? That I make you a sharer in my sadness?

Yes, my sadness. That offer too would sound singular in an ignorant, every day world. But I am aware that there lies joy in suffering, in compassion for hearts such as yours.

Would you think it lovely if my dearest, noble, courageous Tine wrote to you? Do you want me to send you her latest letters (careless, negligee, as you like it, but evidence that I did not fabricate her letters in Loveletters: "the children are well, quite well, don't be concerned about us!"

Do you want -oh, that would please you- do you want me to enable you to risk your honor on the truth of Max Havelaar? That I can.

Or what else can I give you?

Yes, something else yet and better than all that! Listen, I have read your letters well, very well! I know, oh yes, so it is!

Some one had a great deal of goods, but the place he had to store them was too small. The entrance was blocked, the exit too narrow. A friend offered him his dwelling as a storage. "I will faithfully keep what you give me to keep," he said. "I'm at your service, take the space I can spare to store your goods in...."

Look, my child, my heart is spacious. My dear Tine called it infinite and, yes, I feel that she knows! Are you prepared to let me keep your emotions? I am aware that you want to do this. You say so in the wrong meaning that this would be a pleasure for you alone, no, that will be a joy to me too! Love is compulsion to give and receive... I will receive with a holy feeling of thankfulness all that you will give me from the treasure chest of your inner self.

I feel that your heart, just as fancy's piano, cannot get through the door! Can I help you by storing part of it?

Might it be that I'm in error, I who carry my entire intellect within my breast... oh, say so resolutely: "Man what have I to do with you?" I shall not take it ill. Yes, if you do not answer at all I shall take that as a fine, delicate timidness, since I'm aware that my entierisme now and then has a semblance of indiscreetness. Have no fear of insulting me by silence or refusal and let not your lovely frankness be a truss that forces you to be more or differently candid than you like to be.

But I guess that you will write, but I also guess that within me there will be an echo to the tone you will strike. That is already so, witness this letter. You can decide for yourself. But do nothing for politeness' sake, I shall not consider you rude if you don't reply.

Do you know me personally? I am aware that many in The Hague know me, and I always felt there how "there he is," was uttered in a tone between slight praise and: "oh, that's such a scamp!" No, do not place it in the center, that tone would hover to the latter edge!

And yet I am good, a characteristic which I esteem higher than the tiny literary fame that sickens me. "Madame, how beautiful you shriek!" Isn't it enough to drive you crazy?

Yesterday and today I was out of sorts, otherwise I would have written more elaborately.

More elaborately, good heavens, it frightens me!

Yes, I am acquainted with hearts such as yours. I am more at home in your heart than you are aware of. But for that I am in no need of a great measure of astuteness. Your manner of acting, spontaneous, courageous, sacrificial, clearly lays that heart bare. To read in it is not difficult

but I do praise myself (haughtiness!) as I stand on the height appraising what I read in accordance with what it is worth.

Farewell for now, lovely child! Be good to all your surroundings, let that be your religion, your only religion. Oh, you would be good sans me, but still I would be thankfull to you if after some time you can tell me that here or there through patience, tolerance, kindness you spread happiness for my sake.

No, that's ignorance. Love must not be a commandment, and it isn't such. But if my striving shows you something lovely, so that there is a reflection having a refreshing influence on any creature -oh, were it only a dog or a mosquito- see, that cheers me up, that gives me support. Do you wish to love me in that manner?

But child, do not call me great, that oppresses me. I strive for truth, and to indulge in something like that would be untruth.

Farewell, my child. I know that you will write to me. I know that you will relate the history of your inner self.

I greet you heartily, quite heartily.

Douwes Dekker.

VII.
Friday evening (Amsterdam 2 May.)

No, I certainly will not let you wait long my dear child! That request is your last word, and you were well aware that I would soon reply to your very lovely writing. There is a charm in your frankness that quite fascinates me and -now something silly from my own mouth- I am entitled to that frankness. I shiver at the thought that a heart such as yours might reveal itself to someone who would not know how to evaluate it. I feel the purity of your inner self and once again, I am worthy of it. First of all I have to tell you something that sounds comical: "you belong in my trade. "A broker, a merchant has (or is supposed to have) knowledge of goods. Well now, knowledge of Man is my trade. As strange as all other things are (of material interest) so sharply do I look into hearts, provided they are noble, as yours is. I read your soul in your first short note. I knew that you wanted to learn to know me. It oppressed me that I let you wait so long for it. I read still more out of your second letter. And from the third one very much, yes all. But before both the latter letters I knew that you loved me. And of that awareness, that comprehension, I boast. Since the same as a tongue is spoken, just so as it is spoken in the country where it belongs, raises the guess that the speaker has lived in that land, thusly is the striking of a tone that sounds in your heart a proof that I am familiar in the sublime beautiful region of your purity, of desire to abandon, of high courage. In the middle ages there were heralds of feats of arms that by certain

marks indicated if one were of the right nobility. Those marks I have found in you, my lovely child.

And in order to show you how reading into a heart occurs... look at an example. I have others, but here I choose the most simple one. From that you may learn at once that style is not art, nor a trick, but only comes from the heart. Your heart gave you, without you giving it any thought, something in your pen that to an observer is striking. Do you still remember the beginning of your second letter? The first word, no, little word? Think for a moment. Your intention was simply to begin the letter with the information that you had read my call. That's easily expressed. There were infinite many manners to do so. Your heart made you begin with the little word: en! Child, child, whoever began a letter or book or chapter with: en? In the bible, yes; but there it's not: et, but: of, or our: now. 't Now came to pass in those days etc.

I will tease you a long time about that. In the p.s. of that letter you say: "I have thought so much about you." Oh, love, I knew that already. Pedantic, eh? Fopperish, eh? Can I help it? Your "en" had betrayed you. Comprehend?

> (Oh, adress me thee and thou and let our haughtiness be indeed highness of heart. I like so much to cast away all manners. My young niece, a child of my sister's, yes even her little brother (of 14 years) call me Eduard . They see no uncleship in me.)

That "en" showed me that your letter was a continuation of your thoughts. "E" is a conjunction, a word that couples something. So

there must be something that preceded your letter: "And you have to tell me something and desires my address!" Behold how your heart played doctor of letters there. You were not aware of it yourself!

That's teasing,isn't it, my candid child? Oh, accpet it as light-heartedness. I would not tease you if I did not feel that it would help you making your tone towards me familiar, and besides that I'm capable of taking you to my heart. Be quite at ease dear child about your engagement with me. There is so much that's grand in your being that I might become good, as.... yes I do get alarmed at the thought of so much abandon falling into the wrong hands! But would that be possible? I believe and hope: no! Could it be possible that a bad person inspired such benign faith? I feel goodness through and because of you. There is something holy in you that would sanctify me and everyone else. If I tease you with what I shall call your declaration then is that in order to become familiar with you and you with me, but the main impression of your actions to me is solemn. Besides I am solemn in my conceptions, above all in affairs of the heart.

This time I hope to write you a little more extensively. I shall not always be able to. But this letter I consider a confession of faith, as a complete approach, so that you will know me well and receive me and meet me as yourself, quite yourself.

First I shall reply to your letter that made me feel so good. Your confidence gives me strength. I bear and suffer much, but something like that gives me support.

It saddens you that I get few such letters. No, love, I get many such letters, that will say: professions of sympathy, but among the whole I spotted your letter. Your writing does not need standing alone to be

prominent. It had a tone that struck me. But usually people express a kind of sympathy that angers me. Though to be frank I must say

✓ .... (see ***) (later)

First this. The men, the people, the nation are cowardly. They dare not lift a hand. For instance, it's so strange to me that they who call me bad, who are against me for I do not know what kind of morality, that they take so little the side against the shameful immorality which on an enormous scale is practised by the Netherlands in the Indies. See, that is so farcical. I would (just to stay with that tale of having been a guest of Kruseman, etc., soon more about it, 'tis not true) that would make me a scamp. All right. Suppose it's true. Well, then it's been decided to punish me with scorn, counter-action, all as you like it. (Consider the pubishment being rather severe, since through that tale and similar ones it's made difficult for me to feed my lovely children.) Nonetheless, all right! Accept it all. Including such a fact and the justice of such punishment. I enjoy very much to refer to such a feeling for morality, to such a feeling for such justice.... but where do such feelings suddenly go when the question of doing justice comes up in the matter Havelaar? Suppose you say to your father: "I know Multatuli, I can influence him. I'll ask him to come here and submit himself to your judicial power. He will do so at my request. He will not answer: you are not my judge! On the contrary, he shall willingly take the punishment that you will meet out to him.... in the event you will find him guilty. No, even stronger, he will plead guilty, he will ask to be punished....

But, father, he shall also request that you, with an equal sense of duty and truth and morality ask justice for him in the matter for which he sacrificed all."

What would your father say then?' I think: "That's not my affair." You see, accusing some one who stands alone is easy. No one considers, or knows how difficult such cowardly tales make life for me, me who even without them has to endure much, people don't realize how such tales are arranged, embroidered, increased and enlarged to draw away the eye from the main thing, and how cruel it is to cooperate with that to make my task still more difficult.

To you I say that the tale about asking for lodging at K's is not true .... yes, ism't it bitter in itself that I have to write to you about something like that? I carry other things within me than having to give an account of vile tales? Oh, do not think that I want to rid myself of that matter. I shall take care that you (in this too) can give your word of honor that it's not true. I insist on it. I told you that I'm in a serious mood. Well now, I accept your beautiful effusion of attachment so sincerely that I consider you as a fiancee who has the right to ask: how is this, that "people" say. But, love, "people" never quit. When I have explained this to you, something else comes up, and then again something new, on and on.... That's the tactics of exhaustion, in which vis-a-vis strangers I grant nothing. Sometimes I take pleasure in replying: Why certainly, that's exactly as you say." But to you I will explain the matter, and I even insist on it to give you proof, although you don't ask for it. For now: 'tis not true.*

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*) The matter in question here was a tale that then and for many years afterward was bruted about in all kinds of ways and commented upon. Mr. J. Versluys, in his "A few things about Multatuli" (Issue

Such protracted attacks (oh, I know them so well) I liken to a process full of chicanery. A poor chap demands millions. His demand is not answered but it's known how to force him constantly to give an account about pennies and nickles. Whoso surrenders to that is lost. But this does not concern you my lovely child. I know that you believe me. I leave this subject now but take note that I owe you the clarifying and the proof of the matter. This is an instance of honor concerning you. For the time being say that it's not true and that you will deliver the proof of it. I would not expose you to giving your word lightly.

But allow me a little time. I am not at odds with Kruseman, but cool. He has suffered a lot of grief from that tale and is tired of explanations.

W. Versluys, 1889) writes about it. There he says:

"The most repeated tale (about Multatuli) no doubt was the one concerning Mr. A. C. Kruseman. As most of those tales it appears in all kinds of forms. Accoring to the most common form Dekker had found lodging with a public woman whom he had introduced as being Tine at Mr. A. C. Kruseman's, and Dekker, the public woman and Mr. Kruseman later toured the city of Haarlem quite socially in an open carriage.

"Of course I have not neglected to take a good look at this tale too, and then it appeared to be a very crooked presentation of matters.

"First of all this tale does not concern Multatuli, the man who had written Max Havelaar, but Douwes Dekker, when the latter was on a two years' leave, spending that time in this country. (Holland, Tr.) I do not impart this, because I attach such a great importance to that date but because the narrators usually have in mind that the tale must be placed about ten years later.

"Besides, Mr. Kruseman knew Tine as well as Dekker, so there can be no question of this here.

"Also there is not a word of truth about the three of them riding through Haarlem. This has been added by some virtuous person in order the better to show how dangerous it is to associate with some one who can so damage you. A preacher who knew the story only quite vaguely from hearsay, but found it worth his while to tell it to a friend in presence of others in a railway compartment, began his story thusly:

"And now I must impart to you what has happened to some one in Haarlem, a bookdealer, I believe. You may have heard the name. I can't recall it just now. Don't you know a bookdealer in Haarlem?

"'Yes,'replied the other, 'there are of course many bookdealers in Haarlem but I would only be able to name Kruseman.'

"'Exactly,' continued the first one, Kruseman. 'An upright person, this Kruseman!' "And so followed quite a eulogy from which I wish to discount

I fear that you would get an answer (always containing an assurance that it's not true, which can't be otherwise) but not as resolutely as I desire it.I don't want to get up now in order to search, but later I will send you a letter from Kruseman from which you can see the coolness, but also apparent respect -written on the contrary in a manner that hindered me, and which I call vain. I needed money and was in conference with a publisher. The latter stalled and said that "I had received from Kruseman (who too is a publisher) f2000 to write a book and instead of fulfilling the agreement I had spent the money with a mistress at Paris." I then wrote to Kruseman. He replied that there was no truth in it. Good. But he added that our courses ran so far apart (his a course!) that such a thing never could have occurred between us. (He publishes tiny verse by Ten Cate, translated novels,

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nothing, but which sounded ridiculous because the narrator already had shown, and went on showing, that he knew Mr. Kruseman no more than he he did Dekker.

"True it is that Mr. Dekker unexpectedly requested night lodging for a young girl whom, however, he did not introduce as being Tine and could not present as Tine; besides that she was very young.

"Dekker went to an inn. In doing so he was, considering his habits, quite prudent, and it's really remarkable that his prudence, far from protecting him from libelous tales, exactly made it possible to become the basis of a very odorous story.

"So you can see there is as good as no truth in that entire story, that annoyed Mr. Kruseman more than it did Multatuli. However, it has a hundred thousand times and more rendered service in convincing any one that Multatuli was a scamp.

"What further happened in reality is all quite unusual, leaving out the eccentric. It certainly is one of the funniest episodes in which Dekker ever was involved. And it certainly would have been better if he had never taken part in the entire episode."

So far Mr. J. Versluys.

The matter was so. A relative, a cousin of Tine, during Dekker's leave, was engaged to marry a young girl. But the marriage was repeatedly postponed by her mother, only, so Dekker thought, she herself was in love with the young man. For that reason Dekker advised him to elope with the girl, and when all kinds of objections were made, Dekker offered to do it for him. This was agreed to.

the immortal Aglaia, of which he is the author, and talks about course! Negating my need of an explanation on that point he misused it so that he might raise himself above me, looking the big man. The upshot was that men, regardless how differentiating, could respect each other and "resolutely look each other in the eye." (literally) Now I do not recognize Kruseman as a resolute person -on the contrary, in toto he is but a solid, money making, active distributor, and I am disturbed by his tone. I will send you that letter, but if I now search for it I will lose too much time. But ask me for it. I acknowledge your right. You give yourself so entirely that I honestly will return all. But that letter is still not the proof in that other matter. I tell you this only in order to show you that I need a certain amount of guiding to obtain the proof in accordance with my demand, that is: resolute, plain, sans tattle.

The girl consented and on a certain day Dekker waited for her in The Hague and traveled with her to Haarlem. Fearing that the police would start a search for the young girl, Dekker did not want her to sleep in a hotel but took her to his friend Kruseman. He requested Kruseman to give lodging to the girl for the night; did not give him her name and said only that he knew her and that she needed protection..... which he, Kruseman, no doubt, would be pleased to provide her.

Dek went to a hotel and during the night in a great hurry had new clothes made for the young woman, lest during the rest of the journey she might be recognized by skirt and coat. But she stayed with the family Kruseman. That evening there was a cake baking by all kinds of little old women who looked the girl over and sized her up, embarrashing her with all kinds of questions.

The following morning Dekker accompanied her abroad and shortly afterward she married her fiance..)

Now the ***. That I may be true I must tell you that I have more girl friends about the same as you. Tell me frankly whether this hurts or pleases you. I comprehend either one as well as the other. Be this as it may, being truthful is essential. You will say, I am. ! To me, yes! But the greatest task is to, and within, yourself. This is very difficult. You know this, you who are used to analyse your impressions.

Great! I strive toward it.... but usually I am not. But even were it so, (and as you explain it: in comparison with others it is so) for you it's not so! To you I wish to be.... yes, how do you qualify our relation? Aye, give it a thought. I accept everything, provided it's on an equal footing. You owe me a handshake, no inclination. I am haughty, yes, against the mighty. You would grieve me if you were not negligee, hearty. That you will be. But, love, do me a favor and never break off a sentence as:

"Sorry .... no, that I will not ask."

Why are you sorry, dear child. Tell me, why? What do you desire, what can I do for you? Oh, never hold anything back. Look, I am jealous of the thoughts you keep from me. Will you tell me what made you feel sorry there? If it is something that depends on me it would be very singular if I did not do what you desire. I have a deep feeling for you, and cannot imagine that you are unable to tell me all. I will give you all that belongs to me.

The enclosed two brief letters will enable you to declare that the Max Havelaar tells the truth. That mister S. is the one who sent me the supplement to the Congressional Record for which I asked in Ideas and he added in writing what you can see in both letters. His answer to my

question whether I could make use of it, is vague. You I request explain the matter simply, without naming names or informing how you came to know it. "I know that the G. G. of the Indies has stated, etc." Give your word on it, no more. You comprehend that I insist on official recognition and what should flow from that! I have never seen this mr. S. and think it lovely from him that he offers this information. But what is to be said of Sir Sloet -Governor General- who fails to write such to the minister, or of the minister who does not use such in order to do justice?

It surely is true that I have to wrestle with penury from day to day! You see I would that the virtue-people would grasp that some time, that for once they would warm up to that, instead of letting themselves being lėd astray by commerage tattle tales of old ladies in a literally sense. They are old ladies who have concocted them. 'Tis a strange history.

Love, will you return the letters from Schook to me?*

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*)Mr. W. Schook just then had been graduated. Later he was an advocate at Balk in Friesland and for years editor of the Sneeker Courant, of which Mr. Boksma was publisher then and still is. Many a courageous word was written by Mr. Schook in that paper about Multatuli as well as in the Veendammer Courant.

A letter from Governor General Sloet van der Beele had come into his possession in which the latter acknowledged that Multatuli in the Havelaar matter as well as in his observations on Free Labor was quite right. Schook sent the letter to Multatuli who copied it. I am not in possession either of the letter or of the copy. But I have found a telegram sent from Amsterdam 7 April 1862 of the following contents:

Madame Douwes Dekker,
rue francard 14,
Bruxelles.

Parkan Salak très serieux. Le G. G. d'Insulinde prend mon parti. Il dit que j'ai raison contre tous.

Dekker.)

No, certainly not, let no subordinates know that you keep secrets from your parents. If your mother were not ill, I would propose to you to tell everything to your father. But, love, I have to know more about you. Give me your history, the one of your heart. Describe your associates to me, your mode of living, the tone that rules in your family.... all that is of concern to you. So I must guess at your age? I guess 26. I hope that you are not younger; I wish that you are not younger in years than your spirit has matured. Yes, I hope older. See, love, your hearty devotion has more value when your first youth, that poor adviser, has passed! But be this as it may, I accept you, be your 16 or 60.

How do you love me, my child? Can you describe that? I love you as a kindred spirit, as a brave heart, as a help where it may be needed. And I would count on you, no matter in what circumstance! Am I right in that? Yes! But with all of that I must ask myself if my feeling would be the same if a man had written me thusly? That I do not believe. I long to see you. You me too? Tell me how you love me and if you are certain that our hearty relation will never cause you grief?

Have you ever loved? Oh, I know it well, you have always loved, but you found no place for your heart! Good, good, give it to me, I shall appreciate it till you.... yes, till you find a better placement.

No love, my dear wife is not staying with my brother. That would be still more bitter than the poverty she is now hiding in Brussels. There we live so as to avoid meeting rich relatives. I am here temporarily because of the trouble to correct press proofs. I am waiting for means to go home. Oh, that's so bitter! Tine is an angel. My dear Eduard (Little Max, Tr.) is 8 now and Nonnie 5. They are sweet, kind children. You shall know them.

No, Tine doesn't know you yet, and that's by exception. Otherwise I always keep her informed of everything that happens, and she is quite capable of comprehending you and to appreciate you. You cannot have too high an idea of her. See, love, I feel and comprehend all, all that transpires within you (my trade) but even were you in love in the usual sense, to her you can tell all, as well as a catholic to the holy virgin. She is inconceivably high (with the greatest simplicity). She does not know anything about you. Lately I've written only short notes because I carry heavy burdens. My letters are as in Loveletters. "Try to keep up a little longer, wait a little more, keep being brave etc."

And she is always in good humor and writes every day. She tells me what the children say and do, to compensate me for being separated. That I did not write her anything about you was because I had no desire to offer her a flower instead of bread.... there! But not from secretiveness! Oh, no, I would not be able to love you so that I had to hide it from her. She is my saint. But do not regard that as puritanism, oh no, she is cheerful, childlike and comprehends all that is human. And too you must not think that she would read your letters. She won't do that. She would say that such would hamper you in your writing. She comprehends a girl's sympathy for me and finds in it something divine. Count in everything on trust. Still I feel the desire to send you some of her letters. From them you would learn to know our intimate life and get to feel at home in our hearts. You would also see in her writing that I sketched her correctly in the Max Havelaar and the Loveletters.

I had much more to write.... I love you. How, I cannot say. Can you say it about yourself? Do you have a girl friend? If so, can you tell it to her?

Yes, I had much more to tell you. I want to know you entirely, and my self equally through you. Describe your personality to me. Tell me if you are beautiful or average? I, yes that you comprehend, am thin: "comme un pain benit!" But still I look younger than I am. I am very fatigued, pale, with circles under my eyes, but since I am quick in my movements I still keep believing that I resemble more a young person who looks old, instead of some one of 42 years. My heart too is still young and childish. Recently in Leiden I was entertained by the students, and I felt myself on their niveau.*

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*)On the occasion of a lecture which he had held in Leiden, Dek sent a letter to Tine about that, which I find.

Leiden 11 April 1862.

Amice! (you will allow me to call you that?)

Enclosed I send you a postal order for f15.35, left over from the money I had held out to meet expenses. I hope that you will not get angry with me for starting with speaking about expenses, I thought the sooner I write to you the sooner it will be forgotten.

What a joy did you bring with your visit. Many, many people who heard you speak, and all who have talked to you, love you heartily; I wished that every one knew you the way I learned to know you in that short day; I am quite sensitive about that you who have suffered so much from people, have so taken me in your confidence, while I, after all, was no more than a stranger to you. I thank you heartily for that confidence.

How right you were in your opinion about women that they comprehended you so much sooner, all the women who were present did highly appreciate your address, and the heart from which it came; might we have the good fortune to get you here once again. I doubt not that you will have many women among your audience, and I hope you will not forget Leiden.

Hearty greetings from all my friends and remember your friend

H. J. Knottenbelt.

Dek, in order to clarify the matter to Tine, wrote: "Student at Leiden. A most lovely, hearty youth. He was the chef of the little club that received me so heartily. Also he...." The "he"is crossed out and in a note wrote Dek: "heavenly grace, what am I doing. I mean H. Y. He too assumed all the cleanup, hall, money and bother. I am sending you this so that you may know something about Leiden.)

At home I play with little Max as an equal.

Write me all about you. Oh, how sublime is love. For once see how beautiful is that trust from both sides.

Love, this letter is not all as I planned it. Blame it all on that foolish tale about the Kruseman episode. Now I insist on it to reveal that history, but it's regrettable; I would have preferred to tell you something from my heart. But you will not come out a loser. If I can come out to The Hague, I will take the opportunity to seek or propose a meeting with you. Do you approve? Dagh, dear child.... or rather good night, 'tis late already. Oh, I have to write you more, much more. That Sunday morning perhaps will be decisive for your entire life. That will become clear to you. I'm going to sleep. I love you. Tell me how you love me. I want to know that. Count on it that I comprehend all, the unusual mainly. I would for instance, fail to comprehend your love for any one who had little else than what I say in the Ideas ((CXCVII). No, I would not comprehend this of you, no matter how civilianized the affair were. Good night, my child.

Saturday morning.

My dear, I did not write what I wanted to say.... that silly Kr-tale obstructed me. Something like that puts a curse on my mood. But that is no fault of yours. I will not let you wait. Dagh, dear child. Write me much. I am fond of it, it does me good. It's true that I grieve much. You have no idea of it. For the past 12 days I haven't written a single line in addition to my Ideas, from preoccupation with the daily cares. Oh, that's so bitter.

Ask the good people who are so biased in favor of morality if it's good

and moral that I constantly live in anxiety to obtain what's most needed?

If people think that I have received something for my Free Labor or Ideas, they deceive themselves. My publisher is poor.

Oh god, child, do not take this complaint as..... how shall I say it?

Your first letter was lovely, yes sublime as letter, as expression of feeling, nothing else, nothing else. Remember that I would be compelled to become circumspect if you would take my complaint differently.

Besides you cannot do anything about that. It's up to our rich, chaffering, pharisee-istic nation. But instead of that Kruseman-tales are dished up.

No something like that is none of your concern. But I do make good note of your abandonment, of your feeling, of your heart. All of that I accept. And I shall take care that your sympathy will not remain fruitless.

Dagh, dear child. Write me much. I think of you heartily, very heartily.

You say: in this way for sure I am allowed to sign myself "your mimi". Oh, indeed. But remember that I am very serious, and take everything seriously. Dagh child.

Your max.

Whether your letter was welcome? Oh god! That Sunday morning will be a mark in your life.

As you read mr. Sloet's declaration remember that all his advisors are against me to protect their jobs. That's what makes it so striking. But why not admit it openly? Is it just that I am living in such anxiety for the necessities of life? Fy!

VIII.

Amsterdam 4 May 1862.

Dear child! Just a few words. You did well and nobly.... advienne que pourra.

I wait for more news from you before I write you more extensively. All that I wrote you I stand by. I love you. That is so, that remains so.

Do not cause your parents grief.

But I shall make it a point of honor to compel your father to respect me, and also that he allow you to adhere to me. I want that he remain proud of his child. I owe you that... and let the dominie go places.

Oh, that riff-raff! To threaten you!

Concept of honor, of chivalry that trash have none. To threaten you!

I'm glad that our relation has now obtained regal splendor. Tant mieux.

From my side count on fidelity and honor. Yes, Tine will write you. But before all I'll await from you the result of the talk with your father.

I love you and do not let go of you.... unless you demand me to.

Do you perhaps wish to get your precious lovely letters back? If so, say so. I would send them, but it would grieve me very much.

Dagh, lovely, noble girl! Oh, that you had to fall into the hands of dominies! I greet you most heartily.

Douwes Dekker.

I wish to speak to your father. Ask if his honor will receive me, then I will come as soon as I can. The more openly, the plainer, the better. Such a dominie doesn't duel! That's easy. To threaten you. That I can't stomach. That's infamous.

Be well aware that he meant to get you quite scared. It's well that you headed him off.

If it had not been for your mother's illness you would have told him everything at one time.

That too I wrote you!

Fy, such a sneaking social spoiler.

No, emphatically, I do not let go of you. Only at your request. But do remember that it would grieve me bitterly.

And yet -I might think of captivation- no, I do not let you go.

But I do want to speak to your father. Just that is good. As far as this is concerned I'm glad, but this doesn't erase Zaalberg's unchivalrous threatening. That I take very highly.

It meets with my approval to let your father read this. What I say I dare to affirm.

Act the way you think best, but do nothing to spare me. Think only of yourself. Just now I feel a call to love you, to support you, and to accept your sublime attachment. Write me.

Rest assured that I shall show, show your father that you did well in trusting me, against all too.

Where my heart takes part in the struggle, I win. No, I don't let go.

Enclosed a letter which I received for you. Do I have to remind you that you must not reveal her name and thereby assist the Zaalbergs? Oh, she would want it, but I don't.

When you feel you want to write her, do so. She is a high minded girl. She is the daughter of a preacher but would, as I, be indignant if she heard how Ds. Zaalberg maintains his influence. Fy.

She knows nothing about you except that you resemble her. That I've told her. At first I thought that she and you were the same person. Do not reveal her name. I count on it, although she doesn't mind.

IX.

(The Hague 4 Juni 1862.)

Mimi, I was alarmed, and so were you! I still am.... Oh, that I had....

God, I do not know how I must write. I cannot touch on anything. Do I not write to you alone then? That's bitter.

Oh, give me leave to write to you, to you only! Yes, I felt in advance all that I now feel when I called on you for your address!

This letter surely is the tenth one that I started. I may not touch on anything and my heart is full.

Have you given your word of honor? Tell me, did you do that?

Oh, that monday afternoon! I still feel your hand.... and I may not touch on anything. That is enough to choke from. Oh, write me, say that I am allowed to write to you alone!

I love you. And I do not give you up, except on your will. For nothing else. For nothing, you hear?

You feel that, above all now that between you and me no third party can stand.... Oh, as that veil! I still feel all! There was a sublime feeling in all of that. I tremble from it. Oh, write to me and tell me that I can write to you genuinely, and not be thinking of third ones.

I have suffered much due to your latest letter! Has A. M. told you how my heart is attached to you? I think so, as she is frank and true.

Mimi, whether or not you answer me, whether or not you allow me to write to you... I shall continue to be yours.

That can't be otherwise.

Oh, what if you have given your word? That's terrible. I think about writing to your father. Oh, let me do that. I will write him good. Do not fear that I will spoil anything. Child, child, why did you give your word?

Have you noticed that since your latest I have written no Ideas? You do not know how attached I was to you. I never wrote you phrases.

For godsake see to it that I find you again. I feel that you too want it. You cannot have too high an idea of my heart for you. I am prepared for everything, yes even for never seeing you again, if that meeting might harm you.

Oh, that latest letter! You do not know what has occurred within me.

Monday afternoon! I still feel everything! Oh, save that veil. It seemed like an apparition to me. I did not see you, only felt you. It's a bitter joy for me to remember it.

Help me to regain you. I'm bound to write to your father. I shall explain to him that it's not good to tie you so. Oh, I shall not draw you from your duty.

Come on, tell me what you grant me to do, but take care that you'll not become estranged. That is terrible. -Oh, that apparition. Still, I would not like to lose its memory.

Marie A. is a candid, forthright girl. Still it's better that you write to me direct, and also that I write to you wisthout her. I do not think her capable of treason, but she in her freedom cannot imagine very well how you are bound. Oh, besides, she told once. Through her it came to Z. and from that resulted the cruel, latest letter.

Write to me direct and think of means so that I can write to you. Ponder and do what you want, just so you will not be lost to me.

When you dismissed me, I obeyed with a bleeding heart. You were a lady. Now I beseech you in the person of mimi; give yourself back to me.

Only your will has power over me to leave you. Where and how and when you allow me to come to you, I shall come, as if my child or my bride called.

Dear, dear mimi, I am still wrought up from yesterday afternoon. Help me, and write me and love me. Promise never to get rid of that veil. Is that childish of me? So be it! 'Tis human, too. And yet I lacked the presence of mind to brush that thing aside. All was unreal. Yet it was a sublime moment, a dream. Oh, give that veil! Yes, keep it for me.

'Tis a symbol of separation, of leaving, of an impedement. I do not want an impedement between us.

If you fear passion, then do not write.

I am ready and willing never to see you again, but to address you as if you were a stranger, that I cannot do.

Yes, if you are afraid of passion, then avoid me, as I have a passion for you.

Oh, I was well aware of it when I asked you for your address. "There are

things on the earth and in heaven of which our intelligence never dreamed!" I felt you in your first letter.

Yes, if you fear that, avoid me. I shall be frank, even should my heart break.

Good, I need not see you ever again, but save your veil and write me.

Do you love me, mimi? I love you,

Max.

I have seen your house! Oh, see to it that I can write you.

To love is to give, give thoughts, give heart.... I will give all to you what I have. Oh, then I wrote that too, and that letter followed.

Still, I always had a feeling that you were not lost to me. No, that's impossible.

And even if you wouldn't write, still I shall continue to consider you mine, even in the face of having to show it by avoiding you. Dagh my dear child.

X.

Amsterdam 10 Septr. 1862.

My child, my dear child. I have here received your letter of monday. I could not write sooner, and this too is no excuse. I have to write you a long letter and à tête reposée. I have had a fever, and I am quite down. Today I'll do what's most pressing. There lie bundles of letters I still have to read.

Most pressing is that I love you beyond words. I cannot define it: so it is!

Oh, how much have I thought about you since that Wednesday in Artis! Incessantly, always! Do not fret about that silly meeting of that afternoon. I realize your struggle and know that you love me.

Expect within eight days a long letter that might serve you as a guide for answering the question if you are allowed to support me. I will be honest and not give voice to my heart. But just because I will be honest I require time and repose. I will be just and give voice to your father's rights, yes more than to mine!

For the present this: I love you deeply. I tremble when I think about you. But strong and good I will be even if my conclusion will be to my advantage. On the decision that you will make after reading my letter, will depend your future.

Can you possibly send me the veil that was between your mouth and mine?

Oh, how often have I seen the light in your house, there and here at the Amstel, that you know not.

Why doest thee write "you" child, my dear child!

XI.

Wednesday evening (10 September 1862).
after the receipt of your second letter.

My dear child, my child. Oh how happy I am that there is a letter in the mail, even though it's only a short one! Please take note that I wrote it before that sublime second letter. Count the hours. My note to M. A. was mailed here at three o'clock, I believe. In any event Marie must have it by now. Reckon carefully that I wrote you before this letter: that I love you so, which, no matter how tender, almost seems like a reproach to me! I feel that you love me mimi, and we are too good and too big for any shame to lie in a feeling of our hearts. Yet I did not intend to write you tonight. In today's epistle I wrote "within eight days ". I did not want to treat my feeling for you and also your duty lightheartedly,

and I still do not want to do so: you will see. But this does not prevent that I would not be able to sleep sans having written to you once more that you fulfill me entirely. How that has developed within my conscience, I do not know, but it was so before I saw you. Oh, your very first letter, and above all your second that began with "and". "And you have to tell me something." I comprehended that "and" better reading it than you did when you wrote it. There lay a world filled with emotions in that little word, that conjunction that so clearly shouted how much had preceded. Your first word was not a beginning, it was a sequel! My heart is intelligent mimi, my child, my lovely child! I took you immediately into my heart, entirely, forever. So it was, so it would have remained, no matter what you would have done or not done. That I tell you now again. I still do not know what you and I should have done, but if we decided that we must not hear anything from each other... within myself you were my own, and that would remain so, regardless whatever happened.

Thursday morning. I did go to sleep. I am,(although not ill) not quite well. Do not worry about it. Tine too would not do so. She knows that I still have much to do, and how strange it may sound, I demand of her and of you, trust in my future. I cannot succumb before I've finished my work, or at least before I've done so much that its traces will remain ineffaceably. Also do not consider my complaints from a common viewpoint. If I wanted to I could be stoical, but I will not. Whoso grieves and says so, is true. Whoso with more than necessary effort dissimulates absence of grief is untrue and plays tricks. Christ was beautiful at Gethsemane.Sans that bitter cup

he would have been even less than the many plagiarists have made of him. A human being's call is to be human. Whoso wishes to be more is less.

But I have to tell you other things.

All of this was parenthesis.

First and temporarily. I have reason to be a little good humored. How and why you are entitled to know too. (I'll tell you all, all. I have no restriction for you) but not now because it delays me too much.

I said I will write you after eight days. I have to write you much and seriously. That's in relation with much that I experienced recently. But in order not to let you think that I use unnecessary delay, I shall say quickly and briefly what I would deal with more extensively. From that you will see that I am orderly and systematic, for which I am very thankful, exactly since thereby I can control my wild temper.

I must talk about you and about my cause.

Concerning you I am hotly in love with you, that's all! But the relation would be simple if it stood by itself. I know that you love me too. We would only have to decide then what/would be more important: our impression or your and my duty contra your parents (who were good to you) and contra much more. The choice was easy to make, no matter how difficult in carrying out. We are not fitted for easy things. Oh, struggle is nothing and neither is victory. That is a hackneyed drama in only three acts: love and duty, struggle and triumph of what's good.... finish!

That 2nd act: struggle, you have already played, and so have I. Let me now pass by what we suffered during our seeming separation. Not about that do I have to write you. Do not think it strange or indelicate that I speak of your love for me as of a matter of course. Time for phrases we have not. I know that you love me. That I knew even when it seemed otherwise.

If your parents were dsepicable beings, or they maltreated you, or it you were alone in the world and were responsible only for yourself, then I would have taken you in broad daylight and brought you to Tine. But all of that is not so. The impression that I have of you must not belittle a genteel, respectable family. In no way, even if it were the death of you... and me! Oh, that is so simple!

But what is not simple is my cause. So completely and radically as I am against myself and you as individuals, so completely I stand against all who stand in the way of my cause. I'll give myself for the benefit of a small animal, but I would not spare an entire country (even though it might seem cruel) when that country prevented me from fulfilling my duty. Then I say: leave father and mother for my sake!

That has been my struggle for a long time mimi! As a girl whom I love I give you up. As a child of Insulinde I believe I'm not entitled to give you up. I am still undecided and that's the reason I hesitated so long with writing. Acknowledge that I/am conscientious. That doubt withheld me from breaking the banishment that was imposed upon me by your father's will. There lies something amusing in the meaning

that his interdiction withheld me from writing to you. Yes even your written, but insincere, will would not have bound me. My nature would exactly have been to go straight to your father and say: Mimi belongs to me! And too, you would have said yes, as I know that you love me.

When you quit me I was disconcerted, not even sad about it. But my grievance was that you did so sans asking me: Eduard, what must I do? That I wrote repeatedly to Marie. "Does mimi think that I would not have considered, just as well as she herself or her father, what her duty was?"

I prefer what's good before you, or rather: I do not comprehend love sans what's good.

The question was (and still is.... I am not yet decided) whether your father had the right to withdraw a person, a human being (daughter or not; of age or not) from the legion of children of Insulinde that must assist me in the struggle against what's base and corrupt. That is the question!

If after earnestly thinking I answer yes to that question, then I will impart to you my grounds for consideration. And with that I'm not quite at one with myself. Do you comprehend my tarrying, my waiting?

Another question is if thee (I purposely write "thee". Oh, do it too! I think so intimately about thee!) if thee wilst find those grounds valid; that is clear. Till now I think alone. Thee couldst not know, and thee canst not, what is the pro and con. In order to enable thee to judge correctly, I have to keep thee posted. For that I need all

manner of things; even ordinary ones. Sans let-up I had small daily cares, such as lack of money, unpaid rent, Everdine in need, etc. etc.

My common program was: first that out of the way and then that, and then that.

Those incidentals bored me and wore me out. Some one wants to climb a mountain. He measures distance, incline and his own strength. Good. But again and again he is mired in mud. He had indeed taken the mud into account, he was well aware that 7/8 of his strength would be wasted in inglorious struggle with common things, he did know, he had calculated corredtly that the effort stood very securely on the budget of his spirit... but this does not present that he deplores the kind of struggle. "Rather that mountain ten times higher and steeper, rather more danger, nobler struggle than so much effort of a low kind!." Thusly for the greater part is my grief./Enlarge this in your thoughts, my dear child. Grief about the kind of my struggle. Still I will succeed, have no fear. Everdine has said so. It's in moments of such grief (not to be confused with despondency about what's grand: that's impossible) that recently I obliquely cursed that passage from Hamlet: "Am I a coward" etc. That I did in Willemspark in my room, and I wrote something about it to Marie. Did she tell you? Did she always tell you that I love you? I think so, as she is very loyal. She has simple courage, compousre, a clear mind and withal what is most important, yes the only thing that gives value to all that other: a heart. For that reason too she is original. Intelligence, purpose, character, yes even

temperament can be formed, but the heart always remains the same from birth, that is:genial. A heart does not allow itself to be over-schooled, +irs-pervaded. Ogpd, I write ideas and that bores me so, as then I think of publishing, printing, editing, a trade. I'm not a writer. It makes me angry when I hear it said. Imagine Christ after the sermon in the mount: an orator! A mother who screamed when her child fell into the canal: a professional screamster.... 'tis infamous.

All of this was parenthesis again.

Thee would be justified to complain that I write you nothing worth while. No, not so. Thou comprehendst my tension. When I come to the conclusion that I am justified in drawing thee along into my grand struggle, I will ask you. Just wait.

But quite apart from it is my deep feeling for you. As severe and cold my striving is in general, so young and naive is my feeling in particular. I love you as if I were 20, no, as a child, as a laddy. Everdine says I am a child, and when I force myself to cool, intelligent analysis of myself -le lendemain du fait- then I realize it. Then I wonder sometimes: how was I so young, so innocent, so childish?

Sometimes wondering, but not sad. I am glad that it is so, above all that I have a lendemain to discover it; sans that lendemain being childlike would be infantile. Now I accept it gratefully as a proof that my soul is imperishable, and that is essential! If I perceived that my heart is getting old, I would despair. Les grandes pensées viennent du coeur, and whoso purport to find intelligence, energy, courage outside of that only well of what's good, will find themselves deceived.

That's why I'm not ashamed that I stood so often before your window to see a shadow and make myself believe that the outline impressed itself upon the curtain. Yes, even at the Amstel the curtain sometimes was not all the way down and I saw through the fringes something moving now and then. "Might that be her? Oh, if it's not she, then it's certainly some one near her, who touches her!" You see, mimi, so it is! And now I do not ask if it's good that way. I don't have to ask that, it's in my heart, in my lawbook, in my bible, it is so! And I ask thee if thee are content with my love so young, so innocent, so naive? Thee who thyself is so young and passionate and so lovely.... as I read your love in each line, yes my heart read read better and clearer than thou thyself meant to have written!

Art thou satisfied, mimi? Oh tell me that, sayest that thou art pleased to give thy soul in marriage, even were it that we never might see each other again.

With that open declaration I don't mean that we would demolish all the dams that obstruct us. I wish to ascertain this only, that we consider ourselves bound by our bible, by our intelligence, by our judgment -not by the establishment, law, judgment or bible of others.

Your duty is mine. Your honor is mine. I declare myself as well as you responsible for the future of your relation to your parents. Never think of me as one outside of you, against you. The possibility exists that I might take the part of your father against myself.

I have to think.

Write me explicitely whether you are pleased with this letter. I'm expecting your portrait and, if possible, that veil. Write me much, it can't be too much. It's essential for my decision that I know all about you, and for that reason, to that extent your writing is no breach of your promise.

The possibility exists that I will be able to judge your being, your relations, your desires, illusions, strength and claims might compel me, exactly in accordance with your writing to advise you: obey your father.

I shall be honest, that I promise thee!

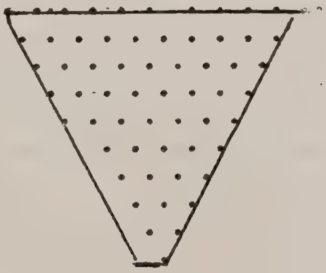
Yes, hurry, your portrait. I still do not know your face, only the impression thee makest upon me. But that was already so before I saw thee.

I surmise that I may expect a little respite from common worries (that's why I wrote I'm in a better humor today) If I am correct I shall be able to take good care of Mina. It's very lovely of thee to visit her and are willing to take my place when I'm unable. So much the better. Primarily an earnest request. No help may be solicited sans my knowledge. Last week M. A. and you did that. That was lovely, but don't do it again. This subject touches on the cause that is on my mind and what I said is not out of ordinary delicacy. If I decide to accept you, if you decide to attach yourself to me, then I would take charge of you to the utmost, and not unlike Tine you would say: merci, sire! But outsiders are not entitled to that! Just behold that haughtiness.... it must remain an honor to sacrifice

oneself for Insulinde. Even you are not entitled to make another sacrifice as you have not joined for good. Willst thee well remember that?

Essential is this: I will what's good. This requires might. The Indies were my point of departure but remain a subdivision. (The entire world is full of stupid evil). Henceforth the name Insulinde represents my general striving, as Nasareth does the Christ-Idea.

Wherefore might. Can you (along with many others) assist me in that, then I say: follow me. If not, then I will always love you as my mimi, oh yes, impetuously, but even then we'll be doing our duty! Farewell for today, my dear child. Write soon and much... and if love makest thee happy, oh be content! Art thou satisfied?



1863.

XII

9 March.

Dear mimi, thanks for your brief letter. I trembled when I saw your handwriting. For 2 months I purposely had not opened the little bundle in which are tied your letters of the past... when you still wrote! It's as if you're dead. What my feeling for you is I cannot describe. Is your father capable to return to you what he withholds from you and me? I hope so, but do not believe it.

Oh mimi, it's so bitter for me. When dusk falls I make a pilgrimage to your house. When it's real dark oh so often.

I... no, not another word, dagh dear child. Oh, it's so bitter.

And too I'm not aware that you are doing your duty, but your own feeling must show that. I grumble.

Outside of that I am well and in a good mood, dagh my child. If you only knew what it costs me not to write to you, just this. It's an act of real heroism. You play a singular melancholy role in my heart. Living death for me. Do your duty, good, if it is your duty.

XIII.

Monday morning 11 o'cock (16 March 1863.

I'm unable to count the times that I wrote you since your visit at ✓ the house of my brother. And always under the same tension. Doctors talk about the course of an illness. Well in my letters to you it was always the same course. I would begin, forcing myself to be calm

and trying to commit a heroic act by not even starting with: dear mimi! As if that sound made any difference. And then, and then.... ever warmer untill I would get flushed. If felt that it was ignoble to obstruct you in your duty as, mimi, I'm aware that you love me and are struggling. That I felt just as well as I felt last evening that you were in the house. No one told me. Of a sudden I jumped up and asked: Is mimi here? singular. Now I've met you twice and I truly do not know whether it's better for me that I see you or not. All the time that I didn't see you I thought that it might be better if I met you. I would try to de-poetize you. From a shadow you would become a body and prose from a poem. But it's not true, mimie, it doesn't help. What I went through when you entered I cannot describe, and this morning! That brown veil, O, that's the one, isn't it?

After that short letter from you (of the 8th) I had also answered, but it was too hearty again. Last evening I wrote you. It still lies there. Again too hearty. And now, now I await a letter from you. You told me. I know what it contains. It will say that you will avoid the Hodz's house till I am gone. (It's now 12.40, I still don't have your letter, but that's what it will say!)

Yesterday evening I wrote to you: I mope. Now I'm moping again for that letter which I have not even read. O certainly, that's what it will contain.

Often I've had the intention to write to your father (with your knowledge) and tell him that it isn't good to poetize me by his prohibition. "I would certainly diminish in her conception if she saw me every day, etc." But I

do not mean it as I love you too much not to set you on fire, and you would continue to see me through the reflection of my glow. Also I had the experience yesterday as well as today that it does not help me if I see you. You are and remain my poesy.. ..'tis a cursed work. I am ashamed of it, and should stand above it. How I would lecture any one else!

Fifteen after one; I still do not have your letter.

Recently I said that I....

Oh, why all of this. I await your letter and will strictly do what you will. But if you avoid the family of H. because of me, then I'll go away, that is impossible!

I'm writing you piecemeal and staccato. No other way is possbile. I will not part with my mood. O, I had so much to tell you always. Love is to give, share thoughts. I would gladly give you my all and that cannot just yet.

No letter yet. I'm going out, since that waiting for your sentence (no doubt it is a sentence) hurts me. I would not be able to write to you. I wished you were dead. yes! Rather than live a life that failed, a life that failed because of me! The idea horrifies me. It's a loss to let a heart like yours go unused, fallow as a farm beaten by a scourge. 'Tis deplorable. Have you ever loved? Can it not happen again? Oh, I could kiss your bridegroom. You say you do not feel sorry for yourself. You feel happy now in comparison to the unhappiness caused by lack of freedom in association. Good, I too.... But on my part that is egoism. Your image, the memory of your first

letter, of the meeting on that country road, your visit, the little lock of hair, your letters -yes even your crossness on that day.... all, all, I hold on to as tresures. But I sacrifice nothing, mimi! You do! O, that grieves me so. Comprehend me well. Neither yesterday nor day before yesterday have you refused any one because of me. That's too absurd. No, but in the mood your heart is in the few to whom you attach worthiness will not approach you to the extent either of refusal or acception. Of those who are not worthy I do not speak. A man who is fine feels whether the heart that attracts him is free. Or more exact, an unfree heart doesn't attract him, it doesn't reveal itself. One who might have grown to love you deeply, and thereby might have awakened you, now goes by unnoticed as a house that sends out no light as it has visitors in an inside room. God knows if you're not held to be a dry, dull girl. That burdens me. Yes, yes, people will think there's nothing there because your heart does not live in the street. Because you must hide it, suppress it, kill it.

Perhaps it's foolish of me to speak of you as if you shared all my emotions. Oh well, I believe that you love me. It's not a fatuity. It might be more of a fatuity of pseudo delicacy to feign ignorance.

Just now I said: your first letter, yes! That's true. Just as true as that yesterday evening I felt your presence. Yet, I get many letters from girls.... O, comical! Your little letter made an impact on me. What may that be? Always that old story of Hamlet: there are in heaven and on earth etc., you know it.

Fifteen minutes to two. Your letter! I'm closing this one at once, then you can see what is answer and what not, God mimi, I love you so. If it's a crime for me to tell you, so be it. Enough to lose my mind.

Expect a letter from me, I'll write you tonight.

XIV.

Monday evening (16 March 1863.)

My child, my dear child, O how I thank you for that letter! Your final word is: love me! Yes, infinitely, mimi.... so it is. I received your letter near two o'clock, and then I closed what I had written. Writing right then I could not, I have read your personal, hearty writing, over and over. I have a feeling of fatigue from joy. How beautiful and robust. I knew you love me, mimi, but I didn't think that it was with you as with me. S till, we must do our duty, that's self evident. But just for that reason I am happy to tell you that I accept your heart, entirely, and give you mine without limit. Your purity, your future, your honor... all are my concern, as I am your concern in all my striving. Your father must not think that he protects you; if you might do what he thinks wrong, it would be my shame as well as his, yes more so, since I am closer to you than he. A letter such as you sent me today is a sacred marriage. To me it is as if a dam had bursted, and now let him turn the stream who can! Not I, although I do not want to now! Yes, you're saying it exactly: otherwise humanity would totally disappear! We are human beings, mimi, and we are good. We shall remain so, not by ignoring coarse, dumb customs, but exactly by breaking those customs, support each other in what is good. Do you think that such a letter from you does not

strengthen me? I walk in accordance with it, I feel it in my gait. You have done right in w riting me thusly.

Still I do not in the long run and continually, intend to violate your father's prohibition. But I do believe it's good to know on both sides how we exist for each other. Doubt, struggle, uncertainty, all of that torments. I thank you for your sublime love and accept it and return it, O very! I'm afire with it.

Tuesday morning.

I wrote but little last evening. That had its reason, which I will tell you about presently. Or no, right now. I felt on fire about you and was in a mood to indulge in it. Can I do that? I asked myself. Be this as it may, I shall always tell you the truth. Now I take your letter first. Refraining from writing I might be able to, but writing different from my impression, I cannot.

I felt intensely the forced reserve in your letter after your portrait. Yes, there was sadness in it, and I too was saddened by it above all because of the contrast with your being. That was my main impression at our first meeting, and has remained since. You are a lovely figure. The impression you made was the human being in its most beautiful form for me. Open, hearty, young, fresh as a rose.... precisely a pomegranate that having ripened looks all around itself as if it would ask (unconsiously) am I not pure, good and desirable? Now, that sadness was and is a contrast that hurt me. If I saw a rose whose petals got jammed between two twigs, I would have carefully bent away those twigs in order to give room to the lovely flower that could not bloom in the embrace. And thee? Thee are not a self ordained victim of self made sorrow, no grief-coquette, as such there

are. No consumptive as there are. Not one who seeks elevation in forced binding or beauty in sickly paleness. Such as there are once more, that you know! Of you it's wasteful and to feel sorry about. You have something stimulating and refreshing in your entire being, more than you yourself can be aware of. Me, for one, you have electrified and fired with youth. And you would mean to perish in convent-grief? O, it's so deplorable. I repeat what I wrote yesterday, before your letter came. I love you so that I could embrace your bridegroom.

So you find a reproach for the entire world in my face? Yet most of the time I am goodhearted and feel compassion for the world that is so ignorant. Fathers, guardians, regents, kings.... all who have authority seem too ignorant to comprehend how love brings happiness to the giver. A heart is no purse that empties in accordance to what one spends. On the contrary. O, yesterday I did two things in your name. I was buying cigars, and there came a little old man to light his pipe with the gas flame. "May I, sir?" "Help yourself friend," said the tobacconer. The old man looked twisted and deformed. He seemed worn out and within sixtry years had not got so far that without standing on his toes and stretching his neck he could not get his pipe to the flame that really was not too high for a latin-schoolboy. A fragment of a humn baing! Well, I presented him with a pound of tobacco, and within myself I added that it came from you. He was very happy and wants me to tell you: "now, that's very lovely of you."

And then there was an organ man who aroused compassion, or at least drew attention by a ladies' hat he had cut in two and wore on his head (if I were an organ man I would never get such an idea, would you?)

Therewith he let two children dance who also were drolly outfitted. I felt sorry for him, not because of his poverty, but of his foolish choice of the means to raise money. Still it did not seem so foolish as two soldiers gave nim something. For that I felt sorry as I know that to a soldier a penny is a great deal. Well then, I induced the organ man to promise that never again would he try to get soldiers to to contribute. His promise was worth 25 cts. Will he keep his word? I fear no! But it's possible if in everything he is so eccentric as his headdress. But if he does not keep his promise it won't be my fault, nor yours in whose name I tried to protect all military men in Netherland below the rank of corporal from his costume violation. You see, mimi, thusly I love you. Your image must lead to joy and cheerfulness, and not to sadness.

O mimi, why do you speak of dying! There still lies a long life before you! You still owe much happiness to many, to your parents, your brothers and sisters, to me. And yes... I will say brusquely what I mean, to children of your own. 'Tis wasteful to cut down such a fresh, luxurious young plant before it produced fruit. You are not allowed to indulge in lugubre thoughts. You do not belong to yourself. And when it occurs to me that perhaps I am the cause of your nature's divergence that asks for bloom instead of pruning.

Oh, all this in order to rid myself of the a propos: I am very much confused in my thoughts. If, mimi, the cause lies with me, then certainly it's my duty not to write you at all.

Neither hearty and serious, since that stimulates, nor compulsery as

that too stimulates. yes even more! I know my duty very well, but this I promise you: I'll give it good thought. Now I shall, even were it once for all what's on my mind. I repeat my last word of yesterday. I love you intensely.... intensely.... is it a crime? so be it!

"Now, happier than it was for over a year!" Exactly, that I believe. Otherwise I would not be allowed to write this letter. I believe that things are better for me and you to air our emotions than to press them onto bursting.

Marie is indeed admirable. I perceive that mostly in her voice when she speaks about you. She always says joyfully: "I saw mimi!" Think what that means coming from her who likes me very much and who knows how much I love you. Is that not sublime? If this letter grows thick I will feel ashamed to give it to her. It's really cruel. But I do not perceive in her, she knows how to say naturally: O, that'll be a joy to mimi.

Often I have told her of my love for you. She accepted it lovely and genially as if it were the most common thing in the world and never asked: and what about me?

To write to Tine! O, truly! With pleasure! Of her you can never think too well. She is an angel. When you write to her then do it aa a believer prays. Thee cannot be a bit too sincere. I have no word for sketching her inner self. It is spotlessly clean. And do not think that your love for her contrasts in the least with your affection for me. That's not true. Spoiled people might force that upon themselves, but it isn't true. From

you she knows that I love you, that you follow your father's will and avoid me, but your letters she has not read. You can never think too good of her, remember this well and hold me to this word. Suppose I die (I can say this mimi, I who am so much older) and everything is running against you, parents, death, sickness, poverty, all kinds of adversity, then you would have to talk to her as if she were me. This letter would be enough to give you the greatest right in her heart. Yes, without that she knows I love you. Yes, write to her, tell her that I propose to ask her for a careless answer, so that you will have difficulty reading it. She can so comically mess things up in her letters.

Enclosed a couple of them. At first I wanted to give you a little clarity and enlightement, but it's better not. Let that extremely negligee stay. I think it's beautiful. And behold, what a glow over all. And that after much worry and suffering. Is it not beautiful? What is not clear to you in the letters, skip it, or if it is of interest to you, ask me.

Charlotte de Graaf is with me since her mother died. Lotje gave her little money to me. Maries knows about this, and so do you now, no one else.

After the jolly letters from Tine I'll also send you the letter from Laura Ernst whom I sent to Brussels to get over her grief. Take a look and see how Everdine honored my draft. The letter that Laura wrote me I'm unable to send you and I am sorry about it, she writes me about Everdine and the children, wait -no, I wanted to copy a part of it, but it bores me. I am sorry I cannot give you that letter. I wanted to let some one else sketch for you the circle to which you belong. I

would that you (as well as possible and minus The hague by leaving your parents) get to feel at home in my surroundings.

Be this as it may what I'm enclosing is to invite your heart for a visit, while waiting for you to stay for good. Write robustly to Tine that I'm crazy about you besides! Ogod, I shall not deny it, and she will blame neither you nor me.

"When I say something you must believe me," you say. Yes, always. Believe me when I assure you. Not believing your simple word would appear sad and ludicrous to me. Not only do I believe what you say, but I believe in you, I comprehend no love without that.

"Father is good and kind," you say. I do believe that! But mimi, that's not the question. The question is whether he fills your heart. Whether he, by depriving me of you, puts himself in my place? That's the question, and the answer to that question depends on whether he does his duty in prohibiting, you in obeying.... Oh do not think that I induce or draw you away. Let there be no difference whether it is "you" or "I". Your duty is my duty. I shall be ashamed if you do something wrong, you should be for me. Never consider me as being against you and against your honor. I cannot see that you would be humiliated worse than I by any wrongdoing. You are not a stronghold, I am not a besieger. We live in one house, with joint interests. .... in the event of a fire we would both suffer. Or do you think that I had no desire to embrace you when I spoke to you in Willemspark? Do you think that I didn't wage an inner struggle in order to be so bookish commonplace?

In general I am passionate, and then for you! But I look at you as my own, which, for that reason I must not damage. Your father would not be more grieved than I -ogod no!- if I committed a wrong against you. Be you too careful, but not with me. (One's own faults is something else. You would best disarm me from all my wrongs by complete trust.

Still it's difficult for me as you attract me fearfully. Complete trust is best, I will warn you earnestly when I become passionate.

Yes, you are quick tempered. 'Tis not nice to be quick-tempered, But you were indeed "nice" when that time you were so quick tempered! I can still see you. Over all I do not believe that one impression from you has been obliterated within me.... from the first brief letter on.

Oh, I like to analyse -there I suddenly recal why that first letter struck me so. I had grief. That attracted me. "There are matters that are still sadder!" Exactly, that was it.

I dream of you. And then that meeting at which you so ungirly-like so purely humn, so robustly allowed me on the open road to give you a kiss.... how beautifully unfastidious you were, mimi, how sublimely unmannered!- that answered my dreams. I did not see your face then. Only your eyes through the veil.... Thou art a wonderful creature! And yet people blame me for having given away my Loveletters gratis!

That meeting with me among strangers bothers you I comprehend, and yet, inversely it is good. Not seeing each other would break you and me. And avoiding meetings in the presence of others, I think is not good. I am a little afraid of my passion. When I am certain of always

being able to conquer it, I will tell you.

But say, what do you mean with that "unbearingly cool walking past me yesterday." Did I meet you? I don't know! That's sad. I seek you everywhere, and stare about, and time and time again follow with my glances all who seen from a distance might be you, I dream of you as I am awake and cross with any one who has the misfortune not to be you, and then it appears that I might have seen you and didn't! That's bad. I did not see you, mimi. Never would I pass you coolly. Awkwardly that's possible. I might forget to greet through being surprised, but cool never. You surely are aware of that. O, evenings mostly, I do a pilgrimage past your house. Then it cannot hinder you. During the day I avoid it.

And now this: should you call me by my name? God, mimi, what a question! And I you, or thou, as you like? O mimi, the more familiar you are with me, sans damage to yourself, of course, the better I like it. I do not comprehend a separation wall between us (except what's necessary to refrain from causing you grief.) Henceforth formality between us will be artificial and beneath us. Oh, how happy I'll be when I hear my name coming from your mouth for the first time! Thee writes: "I am yours." Yes, mimi, in the highest, noblest, finest sense you belong to me. I will treat you as a costly jewel. As yet I do not know how I shall reach the great goal that our love shall not cause you discomfort in any form (I mean in the sense that I wrote you yesterday.) But be this as it may, I accept your lovely heart and I love you beyond speech! Would any one refuse a diamond because he does not whether he will be able

to set it properly? That is secondary! I accept the diamond gracefully. I feel the strength within me to appreciate it. Oh, I am so happy with your letter!

About our relation I will give it a long thought. But that it exists, sincerely, holy and unbreakable is established. My heart marries you.

Dagh mimi, my mimi.

Your Eduard.
Is that good?

I expect a letter from you. I must discuss with you what your duty is in respect to your father. If we must part.... so be it! I fear yes. But gained we have in that we know how we must think of each other. That is good, that gives composure. In my heart you are mine, even should I never again heard anything from you. Dagh my lovely child.

Tuesday evening late.

This evening I was at H. I hoped that thee would come there, and yet it's good thee didn't. There must not be a semblance of a date. I shall never inform you.... (when I shall go there I intended to say) but, mimi, there is something mennonistic in, which I don't like. Let us call the matter robustly by its name. As long as I shall be in The Hague I'll come there often. Thou too. Chances are that we'll meet each other often. That idea makes me feel good. I think it's wonderful. We want that or we do not want that. If not, then I must stay away from H. If we do then: vogue la galere! I tell thee now that they have asked me to come to dinner tomorrow. Were you planning to come then do so. Do not stay away because of me. If thee did not intend to come, then do not come in order to see me.

Or better yet. Do come in order to see me! We will discuss what we will do. I'm thinking about it and assure thee that I will vote for thee as well as myself, yes, for the rights of your parents too. Once we have met at our ease and free, perhaps then parting will come lighter than in such a tension of feverish dissatisfaction. We shall be good without fasting a la catholics.

But if you have another idea about this, follow your heart. Yes, that's self evident.

I'm going to sleep. 'Tis one o'clock. Marie comes tomorrow, then you'll get this mess. Will thee write me? and much? Very much? Remember that thee art mine and so all your impressions are mine. Hiding is mischievous and cheating on your dowry. No, that you do not do. You do not know how great you are in your robust, couragous expressions: What a sublime trust and.... without a degree. O, I accept your heart so solemnly; I feel so deeply the sacredness of our bond. I, too, say: never doubt me!

I never dream.... in my sleep. But when awake I overcome my loss to you. You are already asleep now. Too bad I have no God whom I can ask to bless you.... I bless you!

XV.

Friday evening.

Dear mimi. I am quite interested to hear from you. Yesterday you received the little package which I gave to Marie tuesday. I long to know how you are and if it's good with you that I've so frankly aired my feelings. Yes, a lie, (or half lie) is never good. When I wrote you I intended to probe what

we should do. This I still want to do but in order to get help I must wait for your letter which, I'm sure, I will get tomorrow. You have no idea how I long for it. In any one else I would probably think it childish, but true it is, I cannot quite explain it, but true it is, there is a charm in your entire being, in your letters and personality that stirs me deeply. You are the cause of me having a desire to be good, even good-natured, and that is pleasant.

During the past few days (as for that matter always) I've had many experiences, so colorful that it might be called far fetched in a novel; had they been invented the writer would have been accused of chasing after effect. Now to make a long story short I still have the pleasure to tell you a part of it so you can share my life a little. You too should do that, if you can. And, best girl, do not think that your life is less important than mine. Of least importance to a human being are his vicissitudes. They only seem a little more important because they are a little easier to put into words. A. B. C. or D. must hang (that is a vicissitude). The rope breaks (important vicissitude). The hangman feels sorry and offers himself as a substitude (quite strange vicissitude). The widow continues the business, (concatenation of vicissitudes!) The children.... enough!

Dear mimi, one page from your heart is more important than 1000 pages of a book that's made.

Good, you say, but the vicissitudes cause emotions. Yes, but 1^o they are not indispensible to it, and 2nd they are not the finest emotions that need sharp delineated circumstances in order to be born.

My love for you is more important than the entire gallows history, or something similar.

Still I love to tell you what happens to me, than you can come inside me. I would put you in my heart just as a miser does a stack of bank notes in his vest pocket, and keeps his hand on it to feel that that he has still got it! The image is not nice, but it makes no difference whether or not I write nice.

O God, the Poles have been defeated and Languvicz is not dead! fi....

Neither are you, you'll say. That's so, but I haven't sent any one there. I've been on the verge of answering the Groningen Garribaldi Committe who invited me to preside over a meeting, to answer:

"Good! I accept and, of course, have a choice of place and time. Well now: place.... station Arnhem, time: within eight days. Everyone must bring along what he owns in money and money from sold property, energy and what belongs to it, and forward march to Krakau. Those who love me follow me!

With that idea I occupied my mind lately. *

About 14 days ago (You may read Tine's letter regarding it) I decided no! The chance of success was too small for the certainty of my death. I would have been ashamed to live after a defeat. Everdine knew that. Her saying: The sacrifice is far too great to us, refers to that. I felt I should not

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*) So it must also have been in this time that Dek asked Dr. Hendrik de Vries, when the latter offered him his services (see "dageraad" March 1887, page 207: Are you going for me on horseback to Poland tomorrow?
Not long after Multatuli's death Languwicz too dies, at Constantinopol, where, according to the newspapers, he was a representative of Krupp) MDDS.

leave her alone in favor of such a poor matter (poor in the sense of success) What business do you have in Poland? you'll ask. My love, writing, talking, lecturing in Holland doesn't help. There will have to be action, rude, rough, palpable. For that I must coute que coute make a hero of myself. I was unable to go in time to Italy. I had no money for the trip, and it lay not in my intentions to arrive there as a vagabond, or some one who loves liberty for a place at the gamelle. If some day soon (what I do not believe) something will happen in Italy, I'll go along with some others. But it must not take too long, as by then I cannot go again. Now I still can equip myself and not after three months. I have business neither with Italy, nor with Poland. I wish to make Italy now and Poland then and use them in becoming a hero of sorts. It will be easier for me than scribbling for strangers, for strange people who hire me for 1/280 cts per page per day and for that buy the right to say that what I write is rubbish or, what's still worse: that it is so"extraordinary beautiful" and that I am a rogue. Recently a dominie (Roorda van Eysinga from Zeeland) told me that-e had read my Max Havelaar"with so much pleasure." "Then you are a wretched chump," I replied. And I stick to it, although I was in a bad mood when I said it.

Now, I feel sorry for the Poles. That was an interlude, but it might be that it belongs a bit to the story I had to tell you.... (do my letters please you, mimi?)

Recently my days were mainly filled with you. Outside of that there was varity. Mina the store clerk to protect her honor.... *

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*) Please see next page.

(note continued)

"Mina" has been mentioned a couple of times in these lettera. In order to inform the reader who she was I copy a few paragraphs from Mr. J. Versluys: "A little more about Multatuli". The story which the writer tells in it is correct in full.

"When Multatuli had rooms above a pastry baker (Knobel) he noticed on a certain day that the sales lady who served him was all thumbs. Whereupon he gave her the once over and suddenly sadi: But miss, you are pregnant! Great consternation, of course, and the admission that he had seen correctly, follows.

"The girl had made a connection with a captain of the Ind. army, who had promised to marry her. But when it came down to cases he offered objections and, according to him: I will give you money provided you don't talk.

"Multatuli spoke to the captain about one thing and another, from which he concluded that all was the way the girl had told.

"The captain, from whom from the start not much good was to be expected, was, on approach, even disappointing. He had no desire at all to marry the girl he had wronged and Multatuli thought besides that it was hardly desirable for the girl to marry such a lout.

"So his advice was to turn entirely away from the captain including his money and promised the girl he would help her. After that he obtained a little shop for her in The Hague, mainly from money he obtained from others."

.... my young niece who absolutely wants to leave home. She is being squeezed flat between God and housekeeping. Then Theodoor, a lovely lad of 15. First he was sent to the Indies for improvement (one trip) and now to a boarding school, (both children are my pupils). That young niece I had in mind in the Ideas where I said (her words) "father if we had started with that before Anna went insane!". She is loyal, robust and brave. So is Theo. They would have gone along to Poland.

In addition much Indies correspondence. The mood there is dissatisfaction, but my mood is not theirs. Everyone complains for themselves. See here: "Isn't that a rotten mess, so and so gets more money than I do!" etc. Pah!

Then correspondence with people abroad. There's a question of me moving abroad, to Paris, to write there, etc. But I have objections .

1º writing bores me and, 2º I have no right to make mistakes in French. When I lose my errors the remainder is nothing.

Then the lovely letters from Tine, whom you know. They always put me in a good mood. 'Tis always the photography of a warm little nest, and when it storms a little within me it's so pleasing to see that she at home knows how to protect us from the wind outside. Exactly a lovely, loyal clucking hen. You'll get the portraits. Ah, but I find her so plain in those portraits, and she isn't so at all, at least I see in her face her lovely self. But you'll get all three. Then the letters from Charlotte, enthusiast -too- but... candid! That's so. She is loyal.

O, and then a whole lot more, that I skip, it being much too mixed. A candidate for the H.(to wit: Holy) service, who asks for my help in church disputes. What thinks thee? A father who calls in my help against some one who wants to seduce his daughter!! (a father! Oh, what price millstones!) Ask Marie, her I have told, or the family Hodz, they too know it, without name, of course, but I think something like that a nice contribution to my thesis that many parents have no right to keep children.

And I have much more besides. My little room is a real kaleidoscope.... no, that's not the word. Kaleidoscope is == beauty viewer, and often I see much ugliness, but interesting it is.

And pour la bonne bouche, look here. I had met the queen....*

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*) (On behalf of Laura Ernst. Multatuli had requested to give Laura the opportunity to give a recital at the Court. The queen was unable to receive her. She sent her special secretary, von Weckherlin to Multatuli to inform him that just now it was impossible to receive Laura Ernst, no matter how pleased the queen would have been to hear her. Just in those days German influences were barred at the court and French ones predominated. MDDS.)

.... and thought she was cross with me because of her tone, which I would not change anyhow. I did plan not to write to her again before she plainly indicated that she was content with my independence. And I still say that unless I have reason for guessing that she is incapable. She is more bound than any one and a slave of her highness. If that's the case I pity her, whatever I have written her. Well now, last night at the opera she greeted me with much distinction, really as some one who wished to make a remark on leaving. And when I came home I found a letter -from her, you ask- godno, from a creditor who threatened not to rest for an hour, to make life miserable for my good Tine, to warn all people that I was such a poor risk, to see to it that my trunk would nowhere be safe, etc. etc. That resembles little the greetings from a queen! Have you ever seen such a variegation? That I call humor of fate. I felt a strong desire to send her the letter as a curiosity, but she might have thought that I asked her for money.

(Do not worry about that debt. This morning I expected the execution of my trunk! I had put my papers safely away, your letters! mimi, and quietly awaited what was to come. This evening my creditor writes me in a tone as if he were sorry, saying I'm such an upright person. That's true. But his letters are full of sand, and that's terrifying to me. In those matters I am as Adrienne Cardoville, barroom manners make me sick and I cannot bear dirty hands. The reason I do not pay that debt is, it is too big and if I gave him.... (the more mentioned Fuhr of The Hague. MDDS)

..... give him something on account, which I could really do now, then he thinks that his insolent letters are effective, and henceforth I'll get them every week.

I've been grieved by it, that's so, but in reality I was struck by the oddity of the coincidence. God save me that I would place the impressions of my relations toward the queen above my deep feelings for you, but the contrast is so crazy from a social viewpoint.

A butterfly hovered high, high in the air... no, so it is not! That I do with you, mimi, and from that height there is no descend possible. No, that it is not; the poesy cannot perish.

The butterfly sat on a tower, on the tail of a rooster. High, but not poetical high. And then it was trampled by an ass. In that lies what's comical, otherwise it would be sad. In my cares of that nature there exists no anti-thesis to my relation with you. On the contrary. Your love is one with my poverty.

> (contrary, contrary, contrary, what a style! It makes no difference. But awkward it is.)

Oh, dear girl, I'm longing so for your letter! I think tomorrow 1/4 to two, but I hope earlier, although when it arrives later I will think: more. 'Tis singular, I have such a desire to write to you as if I feel that soon I shall not write any more. Well now, if we decide to part, it will grieve me, but yet I bless the past few days that brought us so close together. O, do say for sure if you feel along with me in our relation as intense as it can be without shame for you, nor grief for your parents, but outside of that as intense as it can, mimi!

How we must arrange it I still do not know; I await your letter. Much will depend on your duties. After all you have written me and told about your

parents, you should not cause them grief, that is so.... I fear that it will be necessary again! It's terrible for me. You have no idea how I am attached to you. I am sad about it. Do you disapprove of it in me? For once judge as if you were a third one.

Good, good, if must be, we shall. I fear that it must! Thee must decide. Thee only can judge; feel your parents' right. The heart is all. If your heart condemns you it is not permissible. Oh, never do think that I am opposed to your duty. Should I not feel ashamed if thee were thankless or frivolous?

When I began this letter I put parting out of my mind, now it comes to trouble me again as a spook. I had tried to force myself to forget the necessity till I had your letter, which I expect to get tomorrow.

Give me good your entire self.... that is mine, mimi!

Twelve thirty, I'm going to sleep, or to bed. I sleep little due to a cough. But it's not consumption; I've got a cold. Everybody here has a cold.

Good night, mimi. Wished you could feel how I love you. O tell me where is your room? How cold and unfriendly does your house appear to me, so dumb and overbearing and closed. That you can't help. Good night, mimi.

Saturday morning.

No letter from you. I have to go out now and this evening to Amsterdam (one day) but if I don't have a letter from you I don't go. I must dine at H., but I won't stay late this evening because of the letter I expect from you. I'll go to Amsterdam tomorrow. Love, I long so for your letter.

Saturday evening 9 o'clock.

I have your letter. Your careless letter. O, I'm so happy with it. I was getting afraid I had written you to frankly. All is well now between us, mimi. I love you infinitely and count on you. I would that you felt as I feel when I see you.... no, I really do not see you. O, 'tis so funny. When you left this afternoon my eyes followed you through the window, stealswise. I could then, but when you stand in front or alongside of me I cannot look at you for fear of being unable to do so as I do upon any one else.

Oh, it does me so good that my letter makes you happy, that you are cheerful, vivacious. I ask you can the course of heart and mind be bad that causes it? O, in that high sense joy is a virtue. Is it our fault that people mostly look at wrong joy as the true one? My love for you gives me joy, and you too are made happy by it. You say so yourself. Take the proof and imagine that I you, and you me, mutually repulsed ech other, that we suddenly sought virtue in denying ourselves joy... I would think this bad.Coarse explanations are of no concern to you and me. I love you intensely, and whoso is offended by it should offer something more beautiful, more holy if they can.

Yes, tine is an angel. Her main characteristic is simplicity. She is indeed enthusiastic and poetical, but sans phrases (just as you.)

Yes, my preceding letter was stiff. O so artificial.

Dear angel, don't you realize how I have struggled? And again I will do so (together with you) if must be. Oh, fear not, I'll take care that we stay good. It can't go otherwise. I do not mean that you

by yourself could not manage to be good, but together is lovelier.

Why don't you address me with thee and thou? How can you be so raide? Is any one nearer to thee? That's the result of my cursed writing of books, that makes one seem respectable. I resemble a child more than I do a professor. O, do look upon me as your equal. As familiar as you can, without shame for you, that is for me. I am so happy with your negligee letter, exactly negligee! And you feel happy in my love. Oh, that is sublime. What I have suffered during our separation I cannot say. I tried to get hold of the little seat upon which you sat in Willemspark. Through all kinds of trivial causes it escaped me. In my loneliness I sat writing about that. Now is that professional? Oh, that people knew how sublime it is to have no wisdom but the one coming from the heart! My first letter was cold, you say.... o god, I struggled so. I would be wiser than my heart! That was wrong. But did not my heart break through in the last line? Did it not state there: I love you, and if it is a crime, so be it?

That you had done! That, your robust, loyal, hearty writing did. You were more courageous than I; you, a girl! Your frankness made me ashamed of my wisdom.... that wisdom I would henceforth call wicked, after the code of my heart. If I were so terribly wise then, I should have begun.... yes, how? I do not know how I began to love you. I still feel the impression of the yellow envelope, even before my call to you. And then your second one, signed now, that began with "and". Nothing, nothing from you did I lose sight of.

In writing to Tine do as you will. I wrote her today: Methinks Edu might have written a longer letter, but do not insist on it. Say,

if he shows willingness, fine, but don't insist. He must not make of me a spook in his mind that insists on a task." So, dear, you above all, neither towards Tine, nor towards me, never a task, you hear! Suppose I, that I would get a letter some time from you: "I love you but have no desire to write," I would be very content. Yet I am very pleased to receive your mood (that is mine) I too give you what I can, that you see. I genuinely feel as if I have stolen something when I keep anything away from you. That is love, giving and receiving. But do not think that I give, that I am the male. Oh that is so beautiful in the moral world. In harmony giving and receiving is reciprocal.

You are not witty, you say.... thank god! You have heart, mimi. For once say no, I dare you. When I'll be in Haarlem I'll shut myself in, in order to read over all your letters. Also those in which you describe yourself.

Oh, I have to ask you something funny. Tell me if you are beautiful. Or, if you don't know it, whether you pass for it? I should like to know if the impression you make upon me, in regard to your looks, is restricted to me alone? When I see you I am electrified, making me ashamed to tell it to another (even if people knew) but to you I shall always tell what I feel.

Yes, write me everything in detail. Neither spare nor flatter your relatives. I'm ready to tell you that I guess that we must not grieve your parents, so it's not for seeking pretenses that I should like to know all. I believe that your father is ruled more by fear of people (position, respectability) than by love for you. Am I right? But be this as it may, his rights and those of your mother, who is weak besides, will find a warm defender in me

How jolly is your letter, mimi, right on! Could that be so if we are acting wrongly? I too am cheerful when I think of you.

At Holtz' they were talking about you this afternoon I began. I felt oppressed due to not speaking about you, and provoked something mysterious. "Has miss S. been here earlier?" I asked. "Yes, at such and such time. She is a lovely girl." I: "Yes, and she makes such a pleasant impression, so young and bright...."

More I didn't say, and even that with difficulty. It was so awkward to speak about you so disinterestedly.

I shall have to think hard about your future, which concerns me. Yet there is truth in that letter which you thought cold. You must not wither. I must take care that you will bless the moment when you wrote me your first letter and mostly your latest and the one prior to that one. How, what.... I do not know yet. I love you and feel omnipotence in my heart. Will you count on mine sans fail in all life's circumstances? Will you always speak as rightful claimant? For certain I will on yours.

If you are still in a mood to write to Tine tell her robustly that you love me and I you. Write that only and give her greetings and ask for a return. You don't need to at all, but I enjoy telling it to you so as to show you my frankness toward her. For that it's good that you read a few negligee letters from her, then you will feel that you are on simple, nobler terrain. You are at home. Do you notice that Everdine is nowhere witty, but indeed poetic. That german verse in Max Havelaar I did not make, it's a letter from her which I paraphrased into iambs, and Edu who is not at all a bright child, delivered the material.

When thee again addresses me by "uw" or "u" instead of thee and thou, I'll address you "Geachte Juffrouw!" and now go ahead. Yes, yes, that you'll get, my next letter will begin with something like that, then you'll become aware how formal you are.. Oh, I love you so, mimi, my lovely, unspoiled child.

How intimate are you with mrs. H.? I think the is lovely and hearty, but do not know her yet. That's something rare. Love leaps past everything, but in absence of love I need much observation, and judge deliberately.

This is comical. How do I know that you are faithful and noble? With pleasure I wage my life against the whole world on your word. Oh, the wisdom of the heart.

And you dear, how could you know that I wasn't such a particularly low character who wrote lovely?

Probe your memory once, when did you fall in love with me?

I await your following (long!) letter before I send this one.... really because of Marie. She is too good to be hurt. She says it does not hurt her, but I must not hurt her. I know she likes me and I write to her either not at all, or just short letters. It was touching to see how happy she was after talking to you and could tell me something about you.

The foregoing was from Saturday evening

Sunday I was in Amsterdam, now:

tuesday morning)

Yesterday Marie was here. I did not give her this one because I'm expecting your letter and do not needlessly give her a large package along. I was a little disappointed when I did not find a letter yesterday evening when I came home from H. I played chess there with Madame and Francisca. They are

lovely, hearty people. I thank you very much for having brought me there. Still my social intercourse there in their home is not right. I am too well off there and express myself too much. That makes the spirit -how shall I say it?- too relaxed. I must ponder and lock myself in. It's a Capua for me. At home too. Talking with Tine and the children drains me. And I must not be drained, as I have much to do.

Comical to see the letters I get. Today a bundle of various kinds. I would enjoy showing you everything: a look into the world. I am getting to be a reservoir of emotions and seem to be keeping a shop of consolation. But often, alas, I'm sold out and give,(as Mina in the Hamerslop) yarn for worsted, and a maxim for a broom.

I've written home that I've got you back. Tine (and Charlotte too) are aware how I suffered under it. Tine writes nothing about it, and that's not necessary, anyhow. She really need not write about anything but the daily grind (all the other I know of her) Charlotte mentions your name on enclosed strip. I'm sending you that not because you have need of her suffrage, but to show you that in my circle,(I almost said empire) there reigns no jealousy. She is aware of how much I love you. There's something strange in my being which I myself cannot explain. That's a shortcoming that grieves me, since it makes me fear that I fall short of my call. Today I am in low spirits and feel "common", which is the worst that can overtake me. Oh, that your letter came.

Yesterday evening I spoke to Mr. B., your uncle. He was sitting in the coffee room close to the buffet, where the letter carrier leaves the mail. As I continually thought of you and the expected letter, it suddenly came

to my mind how risky it is to have your hand on the envelope. For that reason enclosed a few self addressed envelopes... all of them written somewhat different, purposely.

As I wrote those addresses a sad feeling rose within me that you might not use them.

If only no letter goes astray, mimi. That would be terrible. No, I think you will write me extensively about your relatives.

Wednesday.

No letter! Dear girl, what are you waiting for? Might there be one gone? that's bad.

Marie won't come till tomorrow. Then you'll get this one only day after tomorrow. I'm uneasy.

This afternoon I'll be at H., then I'll hear at least that you are well. Just imagine that you are ill and I could not see you.

In order to judge whether we should part, I need your letter. Yesterday I received a visit from the little miss B. As yet I cannot judge her, although I believe that she merits study. I still do not know whether she is a girl or a grown-up or (what should be) the one inside the other. This I am keeping in doubt for the moment. Harmony in that relation is my ideal of perfection, and the general dis-harmony in it I hold to be the nearest cause of much that is wrong.

As image: (all comparisons are defective, soit!) I will stipulate Being Human: the universal quality of things, for instance iron. (You can see that I frequent Hotz' factory.)

Girl, man, woman, child I compare to the momentary condition of that element (the shape) for instance a cramp, a hook, a nail. Good iron can only then be of use through its good quality once it has been made into the shape that answers the purpose. Shape without good quality has no value.

However, the universal quality comes first. A wrongly formed cramp of good iron can be remodeled. A well formed cramp of poor iron is useless as a cramp and as part of something else.

A good human who in certain circumstances does not answer to his destiny, can in other circumstances indeed do so (a foolish coquette can become a good mother. 'Tis not certain, but she may.)

Work this out a little in your mind. I don't want to become boring.)

There arrives some one in the factory who claims that much good iron has been poorly shaped. That mineral is too good, he says, to answer so little to what may be expected or can be made of good iron. What does he do? What does he do? If his word has power in the factory he changes the wrong shapes, that is (applied to our social establishment) the conditions.

The master mechanics (parents, governments, etc.) do not want that. The old conditions suit them. Change causes pain. Now it is the question whether that pain is of sufficient importance to omit the resmelting or postpone it.

I await your letter and will do my duty.

I have to write to you quite earnestly. Also to others. For a long time I For a long time I have been purposely silent in public. There are many whose output I consider too good for the conditions. 'Tis not worth the effort (from a social standpoint) to build a fire for re-smelting a single cramp. From many cramps and nails we might make a locomotive, or better yet an improved iron bridge.

Seldom or never there is something discovered. Circumstances force the employment of something already known.

Suppose that after 1000 years the biographical dictionaries say of me: he discovered a new doctrine, that will then be a lie. If I do something resembling that, I shall have done nothing but follow the pressure of circumstances. From many directions I receive pain-letters and requests for a little assistance (change of conditions). Often it occurs to me that I do not assay the iron good enough for the effort to re-melt it. Even recently I wrote: I cannot take the trouble to bother with such a miscreant as you are. Do me a favor and shoot yourself. For the honor of your family I'll tell people that you died of measles. Also I forbid you to write about what's good. That compromises some one else, who is serious, etc.")

I am not indulgent in assaying sympathy. I have tentacles and seldom deceive myself in the quality of the iron.

Oh, it would so terribly hinder me if I could not include you in my plans in the way I have included you in my heart! . Yes, it has delayed me in the regulation of my legion, that objection to do it sans you. When I shall be assured that you have moral freedom to join, I shall proceed. But where's your letter?

I must found an efficacious authority counter to the general histories of unlawful authority. There has to be introduced a glad tidings of freedom, in the state, in morality, inthe hearts, in the families.

The Christ began with fishermen! True but for Constantine we never would have heard of him.

And when you ask how will you manage? Pray, when you want to scale the Mont Blanc, then you start with a quite simple walk to the railroad station. I see that it is possible.

How do you manage to write a work of 37 volumes? Well, you start with one letter.

Yes, it's possible! My greatest objection lies in the grief (the reasonable grief, though!) of the elder master mechanics.

And I reproach myself for that objection! 'Tis as coming from some one who discovered steam power and postponed its application out of sympathy for tow boats.

Often I say with Hamlet: Shave my head bald, spit me in the face, put me in a cloister.... I have not done a thing yet. Am I a coward?

'Tis in such a mood that made me write a few pages ago: I do not comprehend myself. Oh, that damnable struggle against my own gentility. Is it natural? Nature goes robustly its own way and flattens opposition. Am I justified in holding back my plow because here or there a worm might be cut in two? Isn't it cowardice? And is it reasonable that I, not sparing myself, am snetimental about others?

I believe that my gentility is criminal.

My dear lovely angel, do write me!

Have you read Mirabeau? I resemble him somewhat, but Hamlet even more with his everlasting tarrying. He would spare his mother... I, many mothers! He was bothered by the wailing of Polonius, I have 72 of them here at Binnenhof.. He was mistaken for unwise. so am I. He was excitable, poetical, intelligent, gentle and rough (see the scene with Ophelia!) I too. He loved her, I you. He rejected her.... o god, that I could not do. Why did Shakespeare allow him to do that?

Yes, yes, I am well aware of it. S. was a giant in psychology. Don't people discard a bouquet of flowers when marching off to war? Does not loveliness weaken the heart? Certainly, certainly, he had to jilt Ophelia, so that she went insane from grief and sang mean songs, she, the pure,

young girl.. Worse insanity I know not. Foul words on pure lips.

Look, I who have been dragged through the world's mud, I who... yes I will not name all of the impurity that surrounded me in life, I have never said a dirty word! This comes to my mind as I write. I've never thought about it but true it is!

And then Ophelia! That is insanity!

And why did S. let her be so unwise. To draw her grief. And why that grief so great, so infinitely great? That grief showed the measure of her love and of Hamlet's love. Their souls sang out one tone. A dirty song in her mouth was the same dissonant one in his mouth! Go enter a cloister, away with you.... forthwith!

O god, mimi, what a pain there lies in comprehending the Hamlet! I regret he is there. I would write another, were it not for that damnable correcting of press proofs.

Dagh lovely, pure child.... I stop a little with writing to you. It irritates me, as you can see. Today something is driving me. A feeling to go to you and carry you off. I'm going to take a stroll in the woods, yes, that's good.

Dagh my child, my dear Ophelia. Can you make sense out of my letters? Out of my moods, I mean?

Giving you up I never will, never! Write me the same.

Wednesday night, after your package.

I came away from Hodz quite late. I didn't know what was awaiting me. I have been reading till now, 2 o'clock, and am deeply moved.

Writing now I cannot. I thank you mimi. O god what a heart! I do not comprehend my feeling. I'm smarting. 'Tis as if I fear the violence of my emotions. My love was nothing. I must consider your heart. Tomorrow I shall be calm.

My duty I shall do, even should I succumb. O mimi, how exalted you are, exactly in that high uprightness. You would make me good. You give your feeling wel l, I cannot write. O, had I but known this evening when I laughed and talked as a child.... that this awaited me. As your day book and your letter make me serious. I should be willing to die in order to avoid the choice between abdication and... I do not know what I'm writing. I feel something like holiness because of your writing. No you cannot realize how this grasps me. I would like to begin a new life for you. You are not witty, certainly not.... I cannot tell you how I feel for you. I should like to die tonight and with th at impression separate. Whatever happens I shall be worthy of you, yes that I will. Oh, that I still could talk to Tine tonight. She would comprehend me. I wish I were dead. La joie fait peur, no, it is no joie. I am alarmed. Recently a man lost his mind because he had won money. It isn't that. No, it's because of the fear that I shall have to give you up because of your mother. I will think tomorrow. Not now. This is a peculiar day.

Thursday morning.

I had been writing to you from friday evening till yesterday afternoon. That you will get; but now I can do nothing bu t tell you that I got your package. I cannot write to you now. Remember that you ask for a token of parting. That I shall give you, though it might break my heart, but I must gather strength of soul for it. Do not write me. You've done enough.

It's my turn. But I confess that I'm weak. The final letter will be from me. I don't know what is more difficult, to be the last to write, or the first not to answer. I am sad and glad all at the same time.

O, one thing yet, answer, if you will, verbally by Marie, may I keep your little books for you? I cannot burn them. That I can't. If you don't want me to keep them then I'll return them to you.

I am tired from emotions. I need a little time. I shall love you as never any one could imagine, higher, holier, purer.... but ardent mimi.

I will go home. That I always do when I'm shocked. O, that token of parting. You are right. I respect your decision, I feel that you act good. I will not be less.

No, No, you are not half. You....

I cannot write now. I am terribly shocked. Oh, how your father would respect you if he knew all.

Give your mama a kiss and your father too, I don't know why I say this, but so I feel.

How miserable is that writing. Still, I would not like to speak to you now, not alone.

Wait for my letter, my parting token. I have no words now for what I feel. I would like to live once more.

Mimi, I shall make your duty easy for you. That you deserve.

O god, volunteer for an heroic act, a parting token. Yes.

Not another word today, but do it I shall.

XVI.

Friday, 27 March.

What I have experienced since wednesday night, when I had your package, I cannot tell you, mimi. I thank you for your shining love. From your daybook I see how much you have suffered and I have respect for you.

When now this letter seems cool then consider that I'm setting myself down to writing an end to your and my struggle. My heart is full and as I now give in to uttering, where then remains the ending you demand. You are right. I agree. So now indeed forever. I shall be frugal with my words.

Yesterday I was quite unwell, but not because of you. Something very ugly came to my attention and that shocked me in the holy feeling that I had for you and through you. Otherwise I would have already written to you. Yes, your father may be proud of you. You are not half. Exactly your being completely frank with me is the manner in which, towards him, you do your full duty. So it will be.

Analysing, sifting of what you owe him, and what your suffering mother, is out of place now. Neither how long our separation will last.

Now is this a slim answer to your sublime letter, to your daybook, that photography of your soul? Yes! It's my chivalrous duty to make not answering easier for you than this closing is for me. O that word parting token tingles in my ear since night before last.

Perhaps I'll lose Mary. She grieves on behalf of me. Less than you did.... but too she has less reason to bear it. If that happens then remember that you can find me by writing to Everdine. Nobody will read anything that's yours. Not even she.

O god mimi, if ever I seem cool or cold consider there is deception in every approach from my side, mostly now that I have read your daybook and am aware of your struggle.

If I do not close now, then when? See there, I greet you and worship you as a saint.

XVII
(sent in letter XX.)

Friday morning.

Mimi, I read there a letter from your father to Truida. I know of no contributing circumstances; I know no more than what that message let me guess.

Are you being insulted , critizised, roughly treated.... that must not be.

I sit in deadly anxiety about you.

I'm entitled to tidings from you, and that you turn to me if you are roughly treated. Besides, you must not let Annette alone. If you are forced to leave then both of you must go to Everdine. In that case I will not see you or meet you, and care for you as my children. I will let you be fetched by Ch. de Gr. or let you be accompanied by Mina. Be it as it may, send me word from you. I am terribly worried about you. For godsake write me one word. Show me that you rely on me when you are in need. You must not be humiliated. You do not deserve it. Your mother ill? Yes, but it's not good for your mother either that you are insulted and abused. That's it! Consider that I know nothing and that my anxiety causes me to write this way. O god, mimi, count on me. If you leave your house I will protect your honor. I shall not see you.

For T. too, it's very hard. A lso in that your father is injust. How can he act this way? You certainly must have told him that just because I am here, you quit visiting this family. If your father were well informed he would have reason to be pleased, about that lovely Annette too. And I also have conducted myself reasonably well. O that shortsightedness! Does he not feel that he arouses you, spurs you on, pushes you?

Don't be humiliated and think of a way to get tidings to me.

If you don't need me, then I shall do nothing and efface myself, but if I can do something for you then nothing will be too difficult for me, nothing! I am entitled to it that you rely on me.

Saturday.

Yesterday I went out with the plan to get this little letter to you. I thought of miss Dr. and your seamstress. But after thinking for some time I didn't do anything. I should have had to advise people severe secrecy and that would compromise you. Besides, if it failed and your father got his hands on it, your condition would still worsen. So patience! You're shut in and watched, otherwise you would send me tidings. God knows how you are. I fear mostly that your father one way or another compromises you. That idea is terrible.

XVIII.

(Sent in letter XX)

Saturday morning.

Dear Mimi! I have to tell you something and send this by mail thinking, yes wishing that your father will read it.

Yesterday Mrs. H. received a message from your father that gives us much to think about. I pass up all secondary matters in order to say only this, that no one, and least of all your father has the right to treat you as a bad girl. I guess that you are watched, shut in god knows. Otherwise you would let people hear from you. What would compromise you with the servants you must not tolerate. You have to fulfill duties also towards yourself.

My residence is open to you. Everdine will accept you with love, and I'll take care of your honor by staying away from home so long as you will have need of finding a refuge from paternal tyranny.

Let your father read this.

I greet you heartily.

Douwes Dekker.

The consideration that you must stay because of your mother's illness, is a wrong speculation on your feelings. It's not good for your mother that your father through his ignorant coercion causes scenes, and that he by his violent rules causes it to appear that you who did so punctually your duty, is an errant young girl. That will be bad for your mother. Your father is unworthy of you. If people treat young girls who do their duty with sacrifices of the most lovely emotions, how would they do with others?

Mimi, paternity does not confer the right to insult you or put you on exhibition.

Go to Everdine. There you will not be insulted.

XIX.

Tuesday 2 June '63.

Mimi, I cannot stand it any longer. I will not mention what I have suffered after that fatal message from your father. And now that puzzling writing to Marie, with a sign of love to Truida.... for me not a word, no sign, nothing! That is cruel, mimi! I beseech you for a word. Since that terrible day when T. received that message, I wrote to you hoping I could at last reach you. Alas, that you were shut in, watched, mistreated. Then I heard that you were free and that was a dagger thrust to me. I have been on the point to send you a letter (it had already been written) openly by mail in which I stated "let your father read this." I asked you to come to me.

And now, mimi, now.... I don't know what I must think. I beseech you for a word of heartiness, of confidence. What wrong have I committed to you, mimi? I have loved you ardently, and I mean nobly. Your message to Marie is terribly mysterious, and it shuts me out so! Do you have a secret, do you owe it to your honor to keep it, do so, but give a token of heartiness. Don't you want any one to know it, then give some proof of it, and I will be silent. But give me anything, at least a word.

Just now I spoke of honor! Well now, is that honor to cause me so much grief? Oh, I would that I still could guess that you were watched! Shut in! For that I had advice and help, but for lukewarmness of heart I have no counsel, I am bitterly sad, mimi!

I fear that you are indisposed with me, that marked exclusion of my name in that message to M. grieves me! I cannot realize that there might be something that could make you suspect that I am no good and that I do not love you. I beseech you, write one word.

Or a flower, one letter, your name only, something, for godsake, mimi. Do not torment me so! That cannot be excused by anything....

No, no, I do not blame, but I beg for one word.

XX.

Thursday evening late.
(4 June '63)

My dear mimi, my lovely child. I am preparing to write calmly to you, 'tis good, perhaps. So often I've wanted to do that and was always hindered by that fearful tension of a "parting token" that you are aware of. At present, now the interests of others are drawn into it, it would be smallness and

prudery of duty to write inconclusively. Yes I even ask myself if we did well by so weaning.In reality I have no principles, no system of morals, you are aware that I follow my impressions. Now it's true that my heart is good, but it often forces me -by choice of acting- too often to the side of liberality. Your not insisting on continuing our relations may not have been good. (I say: may not) I still do not propose a change. Your father's rights, your mother's illness, your lovely calling to look after the younger ones, all of that weighs heavily. But there is also a contra. And it's quite possible that I have not let the contras weigh heavy enough, exactly because separating from you cost me so much. There is deception in the desire to be generous, just as much as in ordinary egoism. As sacrificing too is often selfishness. The idea to bear grief in order to fulfill your duties faithfully, tempted me to self torment. I still feel the emotions of the evening when I read your daybook, and I still say: I would have liked so much to die after reading in it that you loved me more than I dared think.

Good, good, not saying now that you must act otherwise, I still will at last remark one thing and another what perhaps we should not have done so glibly, acquiesce in near-separation.

My dear, imagine once that we has married before the law, would we then have so easily let ourselves be torn apart? Of course not. And now I ask you if it now was right? Now, because there was no contract before the law. Or do you count yourself less bound to me? I do not to you. I dare to say this now above all as in the past few days, out of bitter anxiety about you, I felt so deeply how earnestly I was incolved in your entire lot. There is but one thing that prevents me to come out openly for you and consider you to be mine, and that is: your own will, and that will is defined by sense of

duty. But the question is whether we did our duty well.

As....about oneself too there are duties. I now speak on the meaning that you love me as I do you. Well now, can you then, day in day out, commit murder to your own heart? Am I not your nearest? I have to diffuse ideas, do they not belong to you? Can you deprive me of yours? Is it just that others are closer to me than you are? The ideas that you wrote on that page in Truida's letter, I now got by a detour, accidentally! Is all of that good? Your mama's illness has its rights, but so has your health, your desire for contact, for development, for sharing and receiving, and all of what is mine in contrast... in a word: our love. Yes, mimi, I too have rights on you. I do not think that all of this is a preamble for a deduction of your other duties. Be assured, I still say: your mother comes first. But I claim only that following your father's will is not quite your total undivided duty.

Never did this meet my eyes more clearly than these days now that there were other interests instead of mine were hindered by your -I have no other word for it- puritanism. You have T. bitterly grieved. I now ignore the cause of the message (I shall return to it shortly) but were you entitled to let her receive such a slap in the face unprepared, unconsoled, unspoken to even. Mimi, if that were your duty then I declare that I am a duty forsaking, bad individual! No God would be able to prove that to me.

Touchant was our concurrence in the thought:"mimi must be watched, shut in, tied up in order to let that happen." Or -as you could not prevent your father's writing- or so as not to rush hither and say: Truida that doesn't come from me! Later I learned that you had been out, and did not

tell Truida, that would have been a dagger thrust to her, as it was indeed to me. She has suffered, mimi, and it was touching how we wore ourselves out trying to find an excuse for your silence. I would that you could have heard all! How we listened the entire day for your ring, how we asked time and time again -or when asking was no longer done, we just looked puzzled- do you know something of mimi? Mimi, I asked for your flower basket and tried to keep the moss alive, and I assure you that it has cost me tears. The first day I saved the withering twigs, but then I kept the moss alive, and each time that I looked after it to see if it would be successful I asked myself which had a better chance, your heart or those tender roots? And always the answer was bitter! How faded they looked, then I would say: Why yes, that little plant will not put her to shame! And when my hope returned I overheard myself say: those weak, twice transplanted fibres are stronger than she. I cannot describe my grief, and Truida too was bitterly grieved.

Now I ask you, mimi, is it your duty to cause so much grief? if someone tells you that then answer him that he lies, and ask your heart (that is justified, o thank god yes!) let your heart be the law book upon which your dementi rests. Insane people they are, or deceivers who sound the praises of a better law book.

Your father had reasons (founded or not) to write such a letter to Truida, What could prevent you to press her hand, at the time, before or directly after that letter? What?

Request, order from your father? You were bound not to obey. Verily, mimi, you were bound not to! If your father had reasons to forbid your association, I believe that you acted right to give in to that (only because of secondary circumstances, since absolute right to put you a full grown girl, a woman,

a human being in such bonds, your father has not). But you must not give in to the most cruel, unreasonable demand that you would not say goodbye to Truida, not for the last time say a kind word to her. For that there existed no reason! Assume that the cause is right and valid, can your father declare that writing of a parting letter, or the visit of fifteen minutes would have damaged you, him or your mother, or who ever? I hold to the claim the judgment of it lies with you but assume that he must be aware of it, I ask you can he claim it? Therefore that demand is tyrannical! And giving into it was weakness, mimi.

And now I return again to the question whether it is well that we are separated? If I as a rule, calm, without all those shocks had been in contact with you, you would not have acted that way, and even now I pray thee: make that good! Not for the purpose to placate Truida (that's not necessary, believe me) but because you are my mimi! I cannot, of course, repeat everything that we said. In my heart I had bitter thoughts, and most of the time I kept them within, but once, while with Truida alone, did they come out. Well now, to characterize my grief, once I said: I had rather heard that mimi had given herself to a man in the street, than to have to believe in such a breach in her heart. And, I added, so there must be something behind it that we don't know, but within I sought in vain for that unknown cause of your silence, and even now I tell you, you did wrong!

I advise you to tell your father that you did wrong, tell him that you will obey him for the sake of your mother etc., in so far that your duties indeed include this, but that your mother will not improve, nor the upbringing of your sisters and brother for instance, by a total gratuite unmotifated cruelty. That you give in because of consciousness of duty (by breaking

off our engagement) that you do not indulge in tyrannie by without ground offending some one who loves you. Once more, T. asks nothing, she doesn't think of rancune. But with me it has become a matter of honor for you not to appear lacking courage.

O, I have to tell you more! But for now this: the cause of the letter! I will not mention what I suffered during the time when I thought that the matter concerned me, either by the discovery of my stay here, or by god knows what about me. My life is so full that any one who wants to damage me has beau jeu. Good. So I'm not involved. Ergo Truida or Jacques. 'Tis delicate of you that you do not tell me -but I guess that I know the reason, and also that you kept quiet so as not to cause Truida grief.

When I got your letter this morning I was alone fortunately. I said nothing and hurried to my room. Here's why. T. and I united in suffering; receiving a letter from you and not sharing it with her would have been cruel. That must not be, so I had to keep everything to myself. In the afternoon came Marie and after she left I said: "Tyding from mimi at last! I am not involved. So it's either you or Jaques. I will write to her and request her to say so." This made it seem as if I had learned this from Marie, and I could keep my letter (my delightful letter) to myself.

Enclosed the two delayed letters. Learn from them if I love you, and one observation: consider that in that writing I thought I had to castigate your father since I was under the impression that you were locked up!

This present letter was intended for mailing. Fortunately Truida came to call my attention that it was not quite certain that your father had heard that I was there, and if the opposite were the case your position was even worse.

Mimi, my mimi.... I am bent on your honor! And my dear girl who not only, not mainly, yes perhaps not at all realizes what people mean. Jesus said: not what enters the mouth etc. Well now, I say: honor lies above and not below the girdle. I am well aware of its strong sound, but verily there are more clean, holy, fine duties than the three virtues which the world pretends to be virtue. You are virtuous also before the world, and truly I shall not desire anything else in you, but my dear, rid yourself of the fashionable idea that those three little virtues is all! Oh, that I could see you daily and talk to you! What now sounds strong and a little risque you would make your own and give you strength to be yourself! You are a noble, grand-hearted girl. That I see even in this instance, in which I believe you were wrong.

Write me soon and much. I love you intensely, and just because of that I have written so .... roundly. I cannot bear it that there might be something in you to object to. Oh, I have such a desire to talk to you, now more than ever.

Good night my lovely angel, will you not be angry because of my scolding?

There's the dawn, Oh, that I could have spoken all that I now have written! And could I kiss you otherwise than I ever did....

Good, good, if only you love me I shall be content, even if I never see you again.

Saturday morning.

If you knew what it costs me not to write you. I always have to tell you

something and would like to deal with everything together. O the ideas on that little page! But still I'll answer them.

I am deeply pleased that you paid such close attention to the idea of the grain seed. It was in your daybook too.... Oh, I had so much to tell you....

It's yet the question, mimi, whether it's good that we wean (funny word) ourselves so.

No, mimi, I've not forgotten a single kind. That I've just got out of your daybook, and now again.

That liittle french woman did not have to be beautiful (that would be so with a writer) She really was beautiful (that was on in the adventure, the real incident.

I debarked with her at Nice and resided with her family. Her husband was an example of childish, bordering om infantile, naivety. He appreciated it that his wife liked me, and he departed by himself for Genoa, in order to if he could find a position there, or otherwise return to Nice to start a practice there. (This latter he did).

That departure could go quite well, he said, because there now was some one who would take care of his wife. Otherwise she would be so lonesome in Nice. He had observed that I was friendly, as on sea when he (dead sick) couldn't even stir, I had taken care of her. Gut mimi, it was such a crazy history.... I saw all the white beans once more. or at least....

Filth? Filth?.... So is nature! I did not think her unclean when she treated me unashamed. I was unpresentable when we sailed past the chateau d'If.

Good. I was appointed cavalier at Nice. There I behaved myself reaonably well mimi. Later she credited it to the H. Virgin.

All of this has the appearance as if she herself had not conducted herself well. That's not so, mimi. She was a good woman. A bit passionate. I am so afraid that in those things you judge too severe because you're "still a young girl". Believe me, she was well behaved and good.... yes, she would have been that even if the matter had taken a different ending. I am convinced that she would have told her husband. She also had to be good to cause me to grasp a good decision.

Oh, analysing those things would carry me too far. I would enjoy being so with you that I could.

My life is quite full. O comical. . But (earnestly) I am not at at all a hero of virtue. The H. Virgin often seemed unemployed, and the good Anselmo had boasted when he said: cela vous preservera du peché..

True, I think about "péché" different than others do, indeed I often do not call a péché what the world calls such, but even in my own conception of sin I have often stumbled.

This is not humility, mimi, I say this in earnest, on my word.

I prefer that you do not love me than that you do because of an untruth.

Oh, I would like so much to write more fully to you... all, all, unto the finest particulars. I would not hold anything from you. Do believe that as a rule I would be good, but not that I've always been good. That, in fact, is devilish difficult. Often I've had the desire to be dead to save me from committing evil! What a rest.

> Es muss doch ruhig sein
> Da unter Gras und Blumen
> Zu schlafen ganz allein....

Dagh my mimi, my lovely, good child. You need not write me.... I know all....

XXI

Friday night26 June '63.

Mimi, my dear mimi. Agreement or not. I am aware that today there is a letter on the way that will grieve you, and for that reason I write one word. Oh, that I might be certain that you will be pleased that I cannot look at your suffering by talking to you heartily. I cannot tell you anything now but that I love you infinitely. I still thank you for your recent long letter and for the stroll. I cannot imagine that I have strolled with you. You do not know how attached I am to you. I do not want to divert you from your plan (six months) and so do not ask you to write. I too shall not write. But I ask you now to tell Marie that you were pleased to receive this from me. I have a sixth sense and feel afraid that I will lose you. I cannot find words to tell you how that image pursues me. I have it a long time. I have been unable to express myself enough to you. Much of what I have to tell you requires something else than casual correspondence or stealthily meeting, always spoiled by anxiety about parting.

I shall patiently wait for those six months to pass, and do not consider this letter as a breach of promise. I had need of not letting you alone with the letter you will get tomorrow and which I have read! My heart breaks me. Tr. had tears in her eyes when H. read it to her, and yet... yet... god, mimi, you are not aware of what I have gone through in recent weeks. And this "you are not aware" is not a phrase, take it literally. 'Tis not my fault that you do not know all. Already earlier (and always) it was a matter of conscientious objection if I associated more familiarly with others than with you. I have told you so more than once. In my

relations with you I have been so conscientious. I have such divinely pure impressions from you, and it's just for this reason that it oppresses me so that I was but able to give you little in return.

Mimi, again I read over your recent letter. Indeed it states there that you love me, I count on it. I would not be able to bear losing you. Is there something I can do for you? Something.... something.... I'm I'm trying to say it but the word will not come. Think and ask yourself how I can show you that I love you above all. I should like so much to make a sacrifice.

Oh, that moss from your little red basket lives. Oh, what sadness have I gone through while caring for those whithering, nearly dried up little plants during the time of my mourning for you. I have transplanted them and nursed and it became a symbol.... and for a long time they threatened to die. Recently you inquired about something concerning you and you asked if it were childish. I have the dried flowers from your basket. Recently I threw flowers (not yours) into the ditch. Roses without leaves sank into the duckweed along with the rest. Once on an afternoon I stood unseen behind the bower, thinking about you and I saw the remains of previous bouquets in the water, and everything looked dirty and ugly. I pressed my head against the wire and thought bitter resemblance in the death of those flowers with the sad impressions of my heart. But see one little bush of forget me nots had remained suspended straight up in the duckweed and stood fresh and blooming forth, for many days long, till all the little buds were out. In that there was something as: I will still live, even if all else perishes. You

do not know how that affected me. I studied the steadfastly flourishing on with a binocular and knew each bud, small as it was, separately. Oh, it made me feel so good. And you above all must consider that I related it all to you. You see, mimi, if love is childish, then I am terribly childish!

I shall write you no more, although I had much to tell you. I will not divert you from your plan. Besides I wish that you gain composure.

I love you beyond words. Tell Marie that you were pleased with this letter.

It's a pity that I'm not close enough with you to make you well aware just how I think about you. I would give you one advice. It's this: Henceforth consider the incident about your father's letter closed! (I say this not on loose grounds.)

Dagh, my mimi, my dear child. I count on it that you cannot be diverted from me by anything or anybody.

Six months!

XXII

Wednesday 1/2 2. 31 June.

Oh mimi, how thankful I am for your letter, even its contents are grievous. Mainly though, you indeed love me, and of that I am in need. I was in the garden and busy walking to and fro from the moss to the forget-me-nots in that ditch. Both are still alive. The forget-me-not has no flowers now, but that little plant lives. O that ditch is so dirty and the water muddy, but that's good as otherwise the little plant would have sunk down. I always think about you, always mimi. O, singular, just yesterday I planned to ask through Marie if I could see you some time. Perhaps I would not have done so anyhow. I had a kind of

fear that for that reason you would find a detour to draw you away from our agreement. One half year! 24 december.

Yes, I was indeed happy with your letter, even if its contents carry no consolation and you accuse yourself without any reason. Besides I fail to grasp literally what you write.... one thing shines through your writing: your love, and for that I'm grateful, and that I react to ardently and intensely! Never were you out my thoughts mimi, and if you in order to gain composure, you may have thought that I would turn away from you.... o god, that's impossible.! Besides, you could not mean to desire that. I have managed to bear what you thought was good for me, separation, silence, not to look at an earlier hour at your home.... to all that you demanded I kept myself religiously, just as now again I would patiently have waited till december, but to abandon you in my heart, that I cannot! I feel myself bound to you, as intensely as any bond in the world could be. All that I ever wrote you is true and more sacred to me than contracts are to others. I continue to hold myself as your nearest kin in my feelings, even though that is not so in yours. It was that belief beyond doubt that made each sacrifice easier to bear. 'Twas a melancholy favor to me what you wanted, even when I thought it somewhat cruel or an imposed semblance of duty.

Whether I want to see you again? God mimi, I dream of you while waking, and when I go to sleep I kiss and embrace you more heartily than I ever did in reality. I do not believe that you can have a good idea of my feeling for you, but I do indeed wish that you might, in order to enable you to appreciate the strength with which I restrained myself till now.

And think not that so called good behavior enters into it. I am not well behaved. No, it's only that I love you so. Whenever I saw you it was always as an apparition.... never a young girl, never a woman. You were a fancy to me!

Yesterday even. I really did not see you, I felt you. You make an entrancing impression upon me. Sometimes I blame myself that with any one else I am more free, closer than with you, and each heartiness with others seems to me a theft. Alas, when you are not there I dream up an intimity that flies away when I see you.

Oh, 'tis so bitter for me that I am unable to share all my emotions with you. 'Tis a kaleidoscope of the soul. They are happy, mournful, tender, jolly, sublime, aetheric yes, but I will not lie.... sensual too.... everything mixed, but love in all of it.

Why must we be separated, mimi? Why do you live, think, work, sleep and dream.... alone? Why not with me, alongside of me? Why does your head not rest upon my shoulder, why my head not in your lap? Why do I not give you the last kiss before you sleep in, why can I not kiss you awake? Why can I not touch you, not embrace you, not press you onto my heart as my own?

Right on, I love you, and I love you sensually too, you hear! Be mad at me now and jilt me, but consider that I have struggled well and always have acted otherwise than passion demanded.

No, do not get angry, mimi, be humn, be natural and realize that I am so too. Whoso would be more than human is less.

Oh, damnable morals that make shameful what is so lovely! Yes, I say

that there is deceit and fraud in those morals, I say that it would be an immaculate, lovely, naturally clean matter if you belonged to me. Oh do not fear that I would desire something that would expose you to grief! Even though I do not acknowledge the justice of the verdicts that society renders; even though I despise it as judge, I realize its power as hangman, and so help me that I would see you exposed to that power. No, be assured mimi, even were you yourself imprudent, I always hope to find strength in my love to think in your interest. That I write you so frankly is because I feel the need of that frankness. Also reply so frankly, so brusque, it will be a compensation for the enforced separation. Give me your soul, your heart, your emotions intact and let us, by avoiding the things that are clamped under the piled up coercion of the world, remain free in the conception of our hearts. Oh, I think it so deplorable that you are not allowed to be my spouse. I think our separation unnatural and therefore wrong.

You do not know why I love you? O mimi, I say just the reverse: I cannot imagine that I did not love you.

Why do I love you? You have a noble heart, mimi. You felt within yourself the impulse to stretch out your hand to some one who stood alone against the entire establishment! You did so against the spirit and influence of your surroundings. For that you have suffered grief and shame (your daybook is witness to it!) and even if you gave in to your father's will, unreasonably based on your mother's illness, just that giving in, yes the exaggerated giving in, showed how much you had to conquer to save your heart for me. If you had placed your father's will, your mother's illness, your place in

your family lighter, I would have attached less value to your loyalty.

But all of this is not the true answer to the question why I love you. See, do you think that I did not love you in moments when I charged you with defection, weakness, inconstancy? When I claimed that you had given up on Tr. too lightly? Or in general that my love would perish because of a remark (well founded or not) and through a difference of opinion?

No mimi, how foolish it may sound, on the question why I love you I should have said: I do not know, but it's so! It's a total impression that governs me, which I save, feed, nurse, and the deviation of which seems to me to be bad.

But your personality too enters into it, since it is so lovely!

However, think not that it is that alone, or principally. O god, get smallpox....

Why do I love you? You pose with self accusation.... Oh, mimi, you do not mean that question! How funny you would look if I answered: you're right, I made a mistake! Or if I now replied to that terrible last phrase in your letter "forget me, a greater service you cannot render me" If I now replied to that: "good!". Would you believe me, mimi? I know for certain it would be no. Oh, let us not add to all the bitterness on the outside the bitterness of doubting each other. I count on you, I build on you, and I know that you also believe in my loyalty.

Now, while writing, I have at least ten times arisen in order to consider the question whether it is good that I see you again? The slightest dishonesty towards you would disturb me and for that reason the answer is so difficult. To see you, mimi, you do not know what that

is for me. To stroll with you, alone, undisturbed, free, for the first time free.... and above all without that terrible "sans lendemain".

Yes, that's it! That makes me shiver so in order to reply to your question! Mimi, till now all approaching between us was a signal to renewed parting. For godsake let me see you, let me meet you, let me take a stroll with you, but allow it not to be embittered by that sad: for the last time. There now you have what my honesty has had to cope with. My inspiration was to ask you to meet me, unconditional, and then earnestly to ask you that it might not be for the last time, but that contained something like misleading. Well now I beseech you to give me an hour for me to see you, but I tell you beforehand that I shall not be satisfied with one time! Already now I am trembling for the day of mourning that follows such a meeting.

And for you too it is not good, mimi. My dear, you are restless now and agitated, will it make you calmer to break off again? See, I believe if you cannot decide to acquiesce in our relation, preferably after a frank declaration to your father that it is better than that you....

No, no, good, even if it were for once! I accept everything. O God, how it would grieve me if you would say no this time because of that condition! No, sans condition for once, good. One time together, one time free! I shall not insist on more. I shall be content, as always.

Determine place and time. O! choose a place where few people come, please, please! Write me direct in the enclosed envelope.

I have no words to tell you how much I love you. I will do all you desire, all, even never to see you again if must, but that is the biggest burden.

Yes, yes, write me where to meet you... but when you mail it calculate well, so that I can have it in time to prevent that I will disappoint you.

Dagh my mimi, you belong to me in my heart.

Ed.

XXIII.

Mimi you say that I have not grasped your letter of tuesday evening. I found love in that letter and I have answered with love. Is it fair that you are upset by it? Your demand "that I must let you to your lot" "to separate you from me" is cruel. I cannot. Behold the only thing I cannot do at your request. Besides, lay your hand on your heart and ask if it would help? If you would believe it? Not that I am sure of! I say that you are convinced that I love you, and if I now wrote a phrase: I leave you, I forget you, I give up, I do not care for you or something like that, you would hold me (and justly so) for a comedian. Also there not lie the slightest generosity in such a sound which I only could have uttered in the hope, no, with the conviction that you would not believe it.

Every round about way with you is abhorrent to me. 'Tis a kind of god-worship with me to be open with you. For that reason too I wrote you in my latest letter how deeply I love you. I would prefer that you were angry or grieved to deceiving you in anything. You would be wrong in taking this ill, but even so I cannot stain my love for you with hypocrasy.

No, mimi, giving you up in my heart, I cannot. Now you are grieved, yes, but lovely, lovely angel can you imagine the grief you would feel

if I gave you up? Suppose for once that you could believe it, say are you certain that this would bring you peace? O mimi, believe me, only then you would feel grief.

But henceforth I will avoid every action, every utterance. And that I shall if you so desire. Didn't I always do all that you wanted?

I shall not greet you, not write, not see. More I cannot.

Farewell mimi, my lovely child, my fancy!

O, yesterday, exactly yesterday, did the little plant sink into the mud .... exactly yesterday.

Farewell mimi.... for your sake all! Farewell will you.... no, nothing else.

Whether I believe that we do well in hurting our hearts so methodically .... no! What does not come naturally is sinful. O, that the penalty for giving in were sorrow for me! Then even that sorrow would give me joy. All that comes from you is welcome, even the pain, mimi.

XXIV.

(27 July. Departure from The Hague.
Monday morning.

I saw you just now, mimi. and rather long and calm, till you left, no doubt because you saw your father approaching, as I perceived later on, I just hope that he did not perceive how I took your attention, and chided you for it. But dear, when I saw you standing alone with the guards, I did not think of your father. I was about to join you, yes, to go with you. I changed my mind because of the escort which I saw. Very well how would it have been with the escort which I didn't see? And all well considered

it's better now that I write you. I hope to write you undisturbed and long and I set myself down with self imposed composure.. Yesterday I took a stroll with Marie. I wished you might have been able to overhear what I said, and I intended to tell you for yourself what I repeatedly told her, and have always thought. Perhaps it will make you see a side in our relations that till now was alien to you. You may ask, why then did you not show it sooner.. To which I shall give an answer.. But no matter how flat, official, and matterful, I wished to write, I still cannot refrain from telling you first that the impression you made upon me there is beyond words. I cannot get used to it that you left alone, not with me, that you might become estranged from me, that you are at the disposal of others.... that I am not your nearest. My heart feels that so, and that would remain so, even if.... you got married. Fundamentally you are not aware of the influence you have on me. On seeing you unexpectedly last night, I startled as usual, and I was downhearted the entire day because I thought you gave me such a weak hand. It's exactly about that influence too that I want to write you, and for that I must go far back.

Take for granted a little what looks like sermonizing in my writing, I force myself to it. If I indulged in my feelings alone I would give a love song instead of elucidation, that my wish is, so that you can see clearly in your own heart. That fault of mine is in fact one of the reasons why I did not much sooner reveal myself to you. (reveal, one sermon-word.) With each renewed association I was so occupied with my emotions that the interval between renewal and separation -that bitter

seaparation!- was filled with them. You know how time after time the just attached thread broke off again. No, it wasn't a thread.... tendons and nerves they were, that bled fiercely upon being torn. I would have liked to die that night after I had read your sublime daybook. In it I saw that you loved me, and I was content. So I wanted to come to my end, just so, without the grievance: still she breaks off! That terrible "for the last time", uttered otherwise than through death, yes so said by you, shook me, and made me fear the dreary day to come, so that I could not enjoy the fullness of the present, nor have the composure to tell you what I wanted so much to say.

Love is the desire to give and to receive. To give oneself in full, that is, being one. The deeper the love, the richer, the fuller one's gift, and too, the more value the receiver attaches to what is trivial. The same impulse that makes your handshake so dear induces me to give you my entire soul, and in that I am each time interrupted.

Oh, your little mossplant lives! And the forget me not has again worked up a few leaves from the ditch in which it each time sank down. The silt is too liquid for soil and for water too thick. It's touching how that little plant.... No, it was but a little branch, lacking roots, that now has probably made of itself a little plant. It has to be just a joyful forget-me-not that could so attach itself to life after a verdict that would kill all other plants.... Yes, 'tis touching how that little plant helps itself and resists destruction with noble obstinacy. And your moss! I've got it now in a little pot to give it a better chance to hide when the sun shines, and to save it from the tidyness of the gardner (it looked so undistinguished) and from the slovenly Albert

who enjoys stepping on it since he had heard his father say "how jolly it is of that boy that he has no cares!" and to take it along when I'm ready to go from here, yes, that I shall, as a memo of mourning about you, when I grasped nothing from you, and blamed it on you being shut in. Oh, it's not a reproach, mimi. It was my own fault. I should have seen to it to make you aware of my deep love for you, then you would not have left me so long in uncertainty, first about the condition under which you lived, later -much worse- about your heart. I believe that after this letter you will feel yourself attached to me with stronger bonds than can be broken by wavering or a too severe conception of secondary matters.

A correct analysis of myself is difficult. This first: All what I publicly wrote is true. There is much ignorance in the libel by which people throttle or attempt to throttle me. No matter how much people are opposed to me, or might be, they still could know enough about me to grasp that I do not fit into the little container into which they're trying to press me and, funny, I am more irritated by the kind, than the evil intent of the libel. That intent I've always anticipated. 'Tis a fault in the Christus legend not accusing him of trivial shortcomings. To wit: he picked corn stalks and dined on the sabbath. In that lay the overthrow of the legal belief in the would-be holiness of that day. But by a better sketch of his battle it would have been fitting to accuse him of grain theft! Since so are the pharisees.

I play chess, and rather well. Instead of answering my moves, people continually turn the board over and let me look for the chessmen. From

boyhood on I had much initiative, impulse to act. It got to be crazy. Complaints about rain I translated in my mind into: "Well now, let us make dry weather." (This is quite in accordance with your impression of opposition to god's will in the choice of your way to school.)

But renouncing -with great difficulty-influence and power over the impossible, remained with me in an incomprehensible measure, the impulse to dispose of what is in any way possible, and so strong was the desire that I reproached myself for all the wrongs I saw, as if √ I heard a voice: "that you must not allow!" The slaighter of human beings in Africa got on my conscience the same as the death of a fly. The general misery of mankind the same as that poor fate of all flies. I suffered under the breah of any bond that was ever cruelly torn, and felt the pinch of each bond that cruelly bound. From the time I was small I paraphrased the foolish: "he carried the sins of the world," with: tollit dolores mundi,=the sufferings of the world.

And I do not complain about this bearing, but about the impotence instead to make that burden easier for others.

That impotence was my cauchemar, my nightmare.

From that ensues: desire for power, that is, ambition, not in the literary sense (desire for honor) but striving for a condition that would enable me to help, to save. I do not believe that there is a god, but I do dream for myself a good, wise, almighty being, and always it seems it would ask me: "how could you possibly leave it such a rotten mess?" I: "How did you possibly make such a rotten mess?" It: "It was just to see if you would change it, it was a trial."

That call (self made as the work of a shoemaker) governed me, and though I deviated from it in a thousand ways, indeed through weakness, ignorance, passion etc., I never quit that calling in thought. I have constantly regard it as virtue, and deviation as fault.

So I strove for power, and often I played in that striving. Certainly I played with it as Alcibiades who did not want that the coachman would pass there, and for that reason stretched himself down before the horses. C'était pour s'exercer la main against the time when he would say to the Athenean people "ride over me once if you dare!" Alas, the end was that he died in misery, sans having accomplished anything substantial, and so I believe that Alcibiades possessed little more than a weak desire for (problematic) honor. As being lord, to rule, destine, decide has little value when at most it signified how low the governed were bent. I believe indeed that my ambition is noble, and that I strive for what's good. I truly want to raise the sum of the general wellbeing,(D. "genot" Tr.) and to my conception that is: virtue. People have objected to that expression since they have become accustomed to attach to the word "genot" a sensual, illicit meaning, and yet is apparent that I am sustained by the christian mythology as in its heaven"uninterrupted genot" is identical with "moral perfection" and the word: zalig (holy, Tr.) just as much indicates fullness of enjoyment as does holiness of feeling. So I myself acknowledge that immorality cannot be associated with genot, at least when taken in a high sense, as it would be wrong to call everything immoral that deviates from the twisted catechism of the establishment, or to consider genot as it is interpreted by through corrups taste.

I do not consider whether I grasped correctly when I thought I heard

my call. Certain it is that I cannot account for it if I submit to doubt. The first condition of succeeding is "belief in oneself". Lacking that, everything else is idle. Upon that follows: belief by others in us, by ourselves in others.

The first, "belief in oneself" the world calls: immodesty, vanity, conceitedness. Good. Good until the moment of truth. When I commercialize something I call gold, no one has the right to call me a deceiver if it appears indeed that it is gold, and they who do so before that time I suspect them of a desire to get rid of their copper.

"Who will storm that breach?"

"I."

"That man is courageous." (D. hoogmoedig.)

O certainly he is hoogmoedig! ! His courage (moed) stands high (hoog) and he has the courage to place himself high. But when people think of "hoogmoed" as a reproach, then I demand that they wait till he is seized by fear and refuses to do what he said he would do. But then there is no longer a question of hoogmoed, then the reproach would sound: "you were a cowardly, mean liar, a boaster, a deceiver."

"Belief of and in others." Now this was always my strength, and as a model (a crazy word) I take Everdine. Her belief sustains mine. Before her I had to be little when I was little. "Il n'y a pas de grand homme pour son valet de chambre" is a lie. The truth is: Un grand homme est grand meme p.s.v.d.c. Well now, Everdine, who watched me so long in a variety of things, in the most prosaic circumstances too-artificial highness fades with stomach ache or bad humor- she remained and remains believing in me. She would not

fear to tread on water if I said: you can. and always her answer would be should I choose her to succumb when her death would be needed: merci, Sire!

And there are more so! But I prefer to name Everdine because she stands highest, and while she would have to be discouraged in the event desertion were possible. No one as she has suffered revilement and penury for that belief, and worse yet, she has seen her children suffer under it.

(Oh Nonnie is such a jolly quick jumping little doll. You would have fun with her, and I would enjoy so much seeing her with Fredi, who would play mother over her, your imitation. That I liked so much.)

Yes, there are others! And the same as in nature cause and effect fuse so often that the action moves in a circle sans beginning, so too it is difficult to give an answer to the question: do I believe in my call because of that belief of others or is their adhesion a result of my conviction?. I do not know, but the one as well as the other is true.

There are more. The entire color of this letter is not as would belong by thinking of jealousy. But might it be that something like that exists within you, then demand that I do something from which it's evident that I love you deeply. Perhaps you will not demand that because now you believe it without proof. Also in that there is something like suspicion that is beneath you, and the uprightness with which you testified that you love me, would have a kind of degradation if you were not steadfast in your conviction that my love for you is genuine.

So we need no proof and combatting jealousy is out of place here. Least of all in this letter. That you will see. For what were my weapons after

liberated development of my intellect and a little study? Much of the first, little of the last.

(I have studied little, worked little. Much of my labor consisted of thinking, and so thinking that I made myself able tant soit peu to know quickly what I had to know. So I know little, but I get ready quickly when the demand is there.)

What was besides the little study the weapon with which I wanted to capture the power which I needed? 'Twas the sincere conviction in the being of others. And therefore I said repeatedly, after naming Everdine first: there are more!

There are not many, naturally, but still there are those who believe that I have a call; that I am able to fulfill it; that they should join it; that they must give to it all their strength.

Again I am not aware of what is cause and effect. When I was first said to me: "I will die for you and your cause," I do not know whether it was an answer to the silent invitation that may have lain in my being or personal impulse, but that it often has been said, is the truth.

What was more natural, considering the limitation of my means and ability, than that I asked myself the question: must so much sympathy, so much impulse to sacrifice remain unused? And often it appeared to me, as it did to Robinson Crusoe, who felt sorry that his nugget of gold had no value because he could not circulate it on his island.

Throughout I felt that the missing material power must and could be supplemented by solidarity, self sacrifice and love, so that the fervor between like-thinking beings could replenish what was lacking in influence on the great entire.

Note carefully, mimi, that my ambition (in the sense as I told it) never made me say, or do in the least, in matters of the heart, what I did not mean, nor too, that I used affection as a means. That would have hurt me terribly. Besides, that would have been wrong from a viewpoint of interest, as here too, often:"c'est la bonne politique de ne pas en avoir." No, my ambition, my striving prevailed, I met with love, and within my chaotic self I joined both into one.

But in this too I will not be held to verbal analysis. Language is poor. Then too I would lose too much time if I would analyse everything. Fill in a little, and do not hold me to a word.

O, I dislike writing. That crawls, and slides, and totters slowly onto the paper, as the soul trots and gallops. It's more pleasing too, as I write to you, to give emotions that concern you. But even this letter, awkward though it may be, will deal with you. It concerns you with its entire contents, and there is more connection than you can be aware of between my feelings when I saw you stand there on the steps of the railroad station, and the contest that I wage against much that is miserable. Fancy!

Yes, the Loveletters! That Holland does not grasp them, that people do not appreciate them as "mooi" as that other book that so "amused", I grasp. But you will comprehend them, mimi, above all now! Is not just the unity sketched there between poesy and reality; futility, poverty and weakness with supermundane uplift and strength; of sharp conception with sickly insanity, an example of what I began to make clear in this letter? Do you now feel too what I meant on our stroll this week when I compared your repeated flight and return, your hints of separating

and re-uniting, with Her, with my Sybille, my Egeria, my genie? Alas, alas, that too flies hither and hints from afar as if it were for the last time! But each time it returns, and encourages to new effort, and anew pours an idea into my soul that at last, at last....

O, o, o, there I arose and cursed the iambes that would prevent me from writing so calmly to you as I wanted to. Imagine, I am home alone (it's evening now, all are at the zoo, it doesn't happen often that I am as free as I can think.)

Oh, I'm certain that there burns a light in the frontroom at the Amstel where I saw a shadow once which I would take to be yours in order to make myself believe that I had seen a little of you! That was a few days before your anger in that pastry shop. We certainly are farther now than we were then, mimi! Don't you think? That would not happen again. I can still see you and no matter how angry you got, that image is still lovely to me.

Oppression, abuse of authority and power there always was. Besides material means, at all times there were inventions of moral (or immoral) levers to assume the place of justice. Of those means I think rough preponderance still the most noble. It has less hypocrisy, and the oppressor exposes himself to the chance of revenge. But the preponderance in spurious laws and sermonized morals is craven, and for that reason low. I shall not go into detail now of how all of that reveals itself. I shall not speak now of social, lawful, parental oppression. One half of mankind without much ado declares the other half minor. Russia assumes to have a right to Poland, Holland to the Indies. Fathers and mothers call a child bad when it has a will different from theirs. A young girl is not a

person, and she can only become one by abdication of that which by nature makes her into a complete human being, to wit: marriage. Since when she marries legally she passes from one minority stage into another. Last year your father still could order you to stay home or go out. If you marry tomorrow your lord husband is "the lawful head of the union to whom you owe obedience. You are left a choice between barrennes and shame! O there is much more, but that I must now pass.

But concurrent with oppression there always existed an impulse among the oppressed to defend themselves. Certainly, in tangible nature all material is resilient and the eighty pounder that seemingly effortless rolls over a powderpuff, had need of power, no matter how little, to overcome the resistance of such a weak object. And in history we find that it was not always a powderpuff that defended itself. More often the opposition consisted of stronger material and it was strong enough to stop the juggernaut, and even beat it back, or at least force it to a change of direction.

But most of the time the ruling party took care that the weaker one had no weapons. Strange is it not, but who inquires into that, although it seems ignoble, when the problem is: who remains boss?

Monday night.

They returned home earlier than I had anticipated and hoped. Besides, I wrote you less today than I had planned. I will continue tomorrow. 'Tis close to one now. You must be asleep. Oh, that I could just see

you. In your daybook there is something about a dream, but don't relate it. You owe me your dreams.... Yes, yes, that's an indemnity which you must pay. I seldom or never dream and I'm sorry about it. That funny phantasy fascinates me so, that jumping of the soul across all hurdles; that mocking at impossibility; that foolish binding of the incompatible. And, I attach importance to dreams! As what one dreams was in one's self, and what's strange lies in the conjecture. Before Columbus and Cortez people never dreamt of Incas with crowns of feathers, but after that it no doubt happened once that people put such a crown on the king of Spain, and made Montezuma or Ataliba and Manco Capae to protectors of the only-saving belief. I would have liked to dream about you, mimi, and it never happened. Of fancy yes, but only seldom, who winked and took me on high. Was that you? Good night, my lovely child. Do not be annoyed because I do not dream about you in my sleep. Oh, I do so during the day, always!

Tuesday.

The most gratifying way of resistance was in the manner of the Maccabees, the Swiss. But for that is needed much that we don't have here, manly hearts, woods, mountains, etc.

All that is beautiful in the romance-conceptions is lacking in a land so flat in form and temporaments so flat in conception. Alba had long been allowed to flagellate and burn before people rose up en bloc. The 20est penny was the grievance! And still there would never have been an organized uprising had not Willem I, ruined after the death of Charles V, been in need of rebuilding his fortune, and regain a position he had lost through the elevation of Philip II. Holland never rose against Spain. German soldiers,

paid with german money, provided by german protestantism, chose the Netherlands as a battleground, into that mix-up the Netherlands were dragged. Where Hollanders fought it was for the defense of towns, and to forestall the violence that woulf follow the entry of the enemy. (Nota Bene, the so called spanish were mostly hired walloons, and often germans lent out by catholic kings for money. In the same manner the electors of Cassel lent out soldiers to England during the american liberation war , and the wealth of the current elector (one of the richest individuals in Europe) stemmed from that traffic in human beings. Oh, history is so ugly, it contains so little beauty on removal of the chanting finery of poets and the pedantic lies of school books.

Open rebellion is to be preferred. But the most natural starting point, practised nearly everywhere, was the alliance. Winkelried never could have led, and throw himself upon the armored bands of austrians, if not Stauffacher, Melchtal and Tell had united to put an end to Gessler's tyranny.

We might still be making sacrifices to Jupiter, Diana or Mars if Jesus had not told a dozen fishermen: go forth and preach!

The catholic church never would have reached the zenith of its power sans the fervor with which their confessors supported each other, and they who are accustomed to abuse the Jesuits as being the perpetual advocates of what's evil (which is not true) in their turn should have tried for once to see how much good they themselves could have achieved by a similar alliance for what is good.

The carbonari in Italy have wrecked Austria and will cause Napoleon to fall, he who formerly belonged to them and has left and betrayed the fraternity.

In 1813, the enthusiasm among the german youth did more harm to Napoleon I than Moscow did, and Encyclopedians of the last half of the prevous century brought about the revolution.

But above all in the previous centuries stood free masonry. There has been much disputing about its origin. Talk of Egypt, of China, India,; one is bound to make it still older than the next one. The least assuming go back only to Salomo of Jerusalem and Hiram of Tyre. (So the symbols appear to point to that time and relate to the building of the temple. But that signifies nothing. Whoso invented Salomo and Hiram, or rather their mutual architect Adomiram as founder, might just as well have done so with or without historian ground.)

Yes, the unassuming go only to Salomo, and I who put little stake in tradition, this time go back much farther. Free masonry is as old as humanity. Where three persons gather and one is the strongest, the smartest, the greediest, the silent alliance between the two others is natural. Hence all authority is hodtile against hidden unity. The first humans were chased out of the catacombs of Rome, just as now Napoleon fears the Société secrètes.

Perhaps at no time did coarse authority oppress the masses harder than in the first half of the middle ages. Armored nobility violated, stole, robbed and murdered the people. Whoso openly rebelled came up short in the battle. At first it was possible to divide the individuals into two

kinds: robbers and victims (the clergy of course belonged to the first named) and so deep was the corruption that the patients themselves knew no better than that it was the custom. Till now in Java the lowly pronounce the word lord-fearing the way the christians have been taught to say: god-fearing, and as something good. When his hereditary master steals his buffalo or his house, it's de bonne religion to acquiesce in it, the same as the Haarlem-Courant-christian-advertiser does when a baby dies.

But soon ,no doubt at once, how else? among some the realization comes slive that there might be a little change brought about in that oppression if only like minded ones united. There you have the very simple reason why in the middle ages free masonry (in many forms, the vehmic courts too belonged to it) played a very important role.

Imagine you are sitting in railroad car. Two gentlemen fume and smoke so that everybody is annoyed. The latter, being Hollanders, are afraid of draft and keep the windows closed. Every one thinks: I wish there were more air and less smoke. Everyone thinks so but fears standing alone and is afraid of the two gentlemen who watch the closed windows with a facial expression of: "opem them once if you dare!" Have you ever observed then how usually the first utterance of the sufferers is a question to his fellow patients:"Don't you think it's suffocating in here?" But the question is posed preferably softly. As if that other patient, either from fear or other reasons, would say "no", then the tyranny of the two top dogs is strengthened and the chance of improvement is past. Only then, when one guesses or hopes having the majority on one's side, it is ventured to

attack the disturbers of the general wellbeing. Whoso has more courage, more initiative, and goes straight to the point sans being assured of help, risks standing alone, not always because the others are of a different opinion, but because they are mostly to timid to be even the second or the third in the line of opponents. Most human actions sprout from fear. Pugnacity, bloody courage (above all when running away is impossible or shameful) is generally the case, but *le courage civil* is very rare.

In the railroad car of our establishment I have in a certain sense exclaimed without consultation or forethought: 'Tis suffocating in here!" And.... many have kept silent. As always the smoking draft-fearing gentlmen sit close to the window.

You nodded lovely in my direction, mimi, on that "sunday" when you enclosed your note in a yellow envellope and mailed it. You too complained about suffocation: "yes, your stories about authority are sad, but there are things that are much sadder!"

At the beginning of this letter I said: "perhaps you will see our relation from a new side." Isn't that so? I am certain that you had not expected a letter such as this. Well now, such a revelation (I know no better word) burned long upon my heart. Each time as we reconciled I thought: now, now.... and each time I had to be content with the forced turning away of your face. Then I waited, sadly, but with patience.

How it has now come about that I, apart from all social viewpoints have fallen in love with you, I do not know, but certain it is that this love has made a deep impression upon me. Action is called for

and I could not get it from myself to act without you. That's why I was doubly grieved with each friction in our approach, each indulgence in hindrances of a simple nature."Is it possible that those twelve fishermen had no father or no mother who forbade them to go with that strange man ?" I asked myself with bitterness.

And yet I avoided having any influence on your choice. Yes, I even had the strength to support you now and then in your decision to forsake me. Perhaps that was weakness of me. I dreaded your grief. But perhaps I should have dreaded your grief for having to choose the other side.

Do you ask me now what would be your task if you joined me now indivisible in my striving.... I do not know. Never was my future darker, my spirit lower than at the moment. There is irony, humanistic irony in the fate that causes me to wrestle with what is lowest all the time that I devote in pursuit of what is high, and if at this moment I write to you of noble struggle, big plans, victory in the end, aye, then it's more remembrance than current impression. I am exhausted. But just as in the Loveletters (that are an exact mirror of my heart) there will follow again pages of cheerfulness and fire on the lugubre cruise. That
of
I know,/that Tine always reminds me and my hovering genius: Fancy!

There is more I would write you, but today I stop and send on. As soon as I can I come to Amsterdam, but it's not ungratifying for me that you get this letter beforehand and and one to follow.

I have a great many cares and of the lowest kind, terrible....money. O god, to that I should not have been delivered. I never thought of having to struggle on that terrain. And yet it's a must!

Dagh, lovely mimi, my lovely daily dream. Write soon and much, your total impressions.

XXV

Wednesday 29 July 1863.

Dear mimi, by now you must have my little bundle, I think, that was so crazily split in two because the railway guide by which I had thought at first to send my letter did not weigh a pound as prescribed by a ridiculous law. The railroad corporation must not compete with the post office! good, but now, when you tie a a loaf of peatmoss to your letter, all is well! There you have a sample of the height upon which the law-maker stands, the same law-maker who with such high erudition disposes of your person and possessions. Among the 70 chosen ones who were present at the discussions of the postal law, there was not one who rose against such foolishness. Such a provision either is superfluos or, if not, one should be forbidden to make it idle with a loaf of peatmoss! What's that to me? you ask. Mimi, we are ruled in accordance with such laws. Taxes are levied in accordance with such laws, 18 or 20 years from now, if you have a son, he may be sent to the border as a draftee; those laws determine whether or not you are of age, whether you ever shall be allowed to take part in discussions, those laws say that you owe obedience to your husband, those laws condemn you if you steal when you are hungry or kill your child from bitter shame and despair. There is little in your environment that was not put there by laws that were made by such human alloy; so if you continue to ask: what's that to me? you would, as alas many do, abdicate your rights of being human. It was only from drowsiness of the governed that mediocrities became and remained boss.

What's that to me? Does it concern a Polish mother that the Russians kill her child? Well now, what caused the Poles to get into that condition? By the lameness of those who, before the division, got matters in such a mixup that alien disctatorship became unavoidable.

But still I acknowledge that laws, even bad laws, are the greatest evil. Morals, the unwritten laws, oppress heavier. You must be aware of that, so I think.

Long, long ago I realized that I stood in need of power, much power, unlimited power. As always my entire politics were the expression of my inner self. I never influenced it by insight or art. Where circles billowed in my environment, I always was the centre of those circles. "En s'approchant d'Eduard on se sent entrainé comme dans un tourbillon." I found in a letter which I read incidentally, years after it had been written. Once when I was still very young, I was about to be supplemented to an assistent-resident. I liked it very much as it would enable me to leave Batavia, a place that bored me. The appointment was cancelled because, it was feigned, I would soon swap places with my superior, he to become the supplement and I the assistent-resident.

Such hints I had throughout my life. Too, I always shouldered the responsibility for anything that was wrong, and more than once, on witnessing suffering, the complaint would escape me: my god, why do you let me be so powerless! and I would stress let as if to balance the blame I put on myself for lack of duty!

In my 22nd year I promised myself -it sounds foolish, but I'm telling you truthfully- I promised myself to be a genius who knew everything, grasped all, was able to do all, when I catch myself in not knowing or

or being unable, it appears to me more as a wanton breach of the promise I made myself, than as undesired and saddening weakness as it often is alas, above all in daily life.

When I got married I warned Everdine about my fancy of course. She comprehended and even loved me for it. Never was there the slightest breach in her trust in me. She always was as I present her in that letter on page so and so of the Loveletters. Always did she reconcile me with my fantasy, when once again the "butterfly had fallen in the daily rut and was trampled by an ass." Over all Tine is as I sketched her in Loveletters. All is true, all, and for that reason it's a pity that they were published and read by a people that does not grasp even part of them. Oh, 'tis a profanation and I curse the hypocritical Dr. in Letters who with his feigned philantropy induced me to a wrongly applied candor. In general writing for publicity is something indecent. You would cover your knee, your ankle for a passerby and I offer my soul for sale.... 'yis infamous! Writing is prostitution; either one writes what one means and feels, and then that intimity is too fine for strangers, or one writes otherwise than one feels and then it becomes a craven, flat trickery, such as of a lewd woman who poses or smiles invitingly for pay. But the public is so accustomed to read purchased, that is: imitated emotions, so that it comprehends nothing of it when one gives oneself as one is: The Venus is looked upon as strange because she is not dressed by a modiste, etc.

Wednesday evening.

I write by fits and starts. Repeatedly I am disturbed. For which I feel sorry. I should like to write to you for three days at a stretch. There would be more continuity. And besides, whoso or whatever draws me away from you, robs me. All are gone again and I shall have ppeace for half an hour or

longer perhaps. That's good.

The middle ages were hostile, aggressive. Pyres, peasant baiting, field battles(in which, mark well, despite the so called chivalry, unarmed commoners were sent ahead under equal or greater danger, but never sharing in the fame) never ending quarrels, through which not so much the quarrelers suffered, as they whose ground and farms were used as theatres of war..... all of that could be seen, felt, named. By refined means that visible mistreatment was moved to the rear and in its place the human race at the present time is oppressed by less bloody but really more malicious means. More frank is ruling by coarse power than that playing boss with money and paper, that speculation on the hunger of the masses. However, in both periods the same lever was used: god worship.

(In the event it's worth your while turn to my Free Labor concerning the difference in manners of playing boss.)

At many a shocking show of butchery or bloody tyranny in the middle ages, where the indignation of a few better minded people had difficulty to hide themselves out of fear for the wrath of the regime, must from time to time a glance have been cast in the circle that asked:

-Brother do you think these things are good?

And such a glance met with mostly cast down eyes, since a negative answer was perilous.

Sometimes too a more courageous one with sotto voice having dared to pose the same question, and more than once having received no answer as again there was great danger, at last such a dissatisfied one must have found some who in his question: "Don't you think it's stuffy in here?" nodded in

concension, but added:

"Chut, chut! .... not here. We're listened to. Where can we find you? But let's take care that no one is aware that we spoke about these things. We will come to you!"

"Not at all. I do not live alone. At my abode we would be spied upon and betrayed. Think of a place of safety."

"Very well (a place is named) And still another whom we know and who shares our views, will be there."

"What's his name?"

"He fears his name becoming known."

"How shall I know that he is one of ours?"

"He will speak on architecture."

"Incidentally some one else may speak to me on architecture."

"He shall say this word: (pass word)"

"How shall he know that he can trust me?"

"He will only utter the first half of the word and trust you when you whisper the second half to him."

There you have, roughly, the origin of the loges that have played such a big role. There's something childish in it, yes, the same as in the preambles of many great things.

Freemasonry nade it its purpose to oppose violence, and so had to combat kings and priests. Its means were enlightenment, knowledge sharing, prejudgment extirpation, briefly its goal was, or it was claimed the goal was: goodness!

Naturally I wanted to know what it carried on and how? I joined and remained no wiser than I was. I found tattling, twaddling, phrases. "The brothers must love one another." Aye, the brothers leave one

another in the lurch, exactly as the other brothers, the christians. I complained about disappointment as well as what pertained to my inquisitivety (I had meant to hear something new) and regarding their activities, of their mixing into society's wheels. Always I was told what they had done in the middle ages. "And what about now, I asked, now? There's much to be done!"

Besides I was told that I was still so young (Young, style fr. macon means: low in rank.)

"Good, I will climb in rank!"

And so I did. From apprentice I became fellow, from fellow, master, and remained just as wise (that is unwise) and just as dissatisfied.

"If only you were a little older!" they said.

"Good, I will become older."

And I became yes what not, mimi! Knight of things I have since forgotten, scots knight, knight of the orient, knight of the sword, of the deuce and his entire family.

But I remained just as wise. At most I learned how those knights address each other, what are their symbols, how they wear their coats.... but of the manner that I as a knight of this or of that had to battle for what is good... nothing!

At least mever something that could not have happened without that knighthood. Not a semblance of alliance, of working together for one purpose, of strength through unity. To that also refers that passage in my tale of the cross.

"free masons
who about what's good speak beautiful words
But refrain yourselves from fighting evil;
You who call yourselves children of the widow but your hands
Do not stretch to carry the cross of her son."

(Children of the widow they call themselves, why, of which widow I do not know.)

At last I became sovereign prince of Rosicrusianism, with just as little satisfaction as with previous promotions. I even do not know where the princedom is located. There are people who think that we are successors to the Johanniter knights, others say to the sect of Essenians to which Jesus is supposed to have belonged, and Joseph of Arimathes and John the baptist and Nicodemus. But, the entire mess leaves me cold. 'Tis a corrupt crowd. In the middle ages when rulers and priests no longer could stem the relative enlightenment they suddenly ceased persecuting the free masons and -rather trojan-horse-like- joined them. So that now nearly everywhere royal families have made one or more of their members (here prince Frederik) to national grand-masters and even Napoleon III forced one of his creatures, marshal Magnan, upon the brotherhood. The decline dates from earlier, but this put the crown on the works. The independent thinkers, the heroes of truth and justice, allowed themselves to be put under guardianship by those against whom they had fought in previous centuries. In France, for instance, where Napoleon has extirpated all sociétés secrètes, he steered clear from the free masons (there being too many of them, and so he had to respect their numbers although their quality does not amount to much.) But by giving them Magnan as chief he had the haute main in their meetings, and he could take his measures as soon as they went outside of their little circle of alms, orphanages, support of poor travelers, etc.

Since it is to things like that to which the gentlemen limit themselves. No doubt you as well as I will say that those things can be

done sans Salomo or Hiram. Exactly, and this is therefore my grievance, that they have so entirely strayed from the original installation. Freedom of thought has been lost. In some lodges they have barred Jews, quite against the kern of the cause which is cosmopolitan. And boldness of action has totally perished since the venture to inculcate new arrivals with "politics lies outside the circle of masonry!"

Not in all countries are the people that narrow, but in Holland it has become a "yes brother" bunch.

The complete shut-out of politics is nothing but the usual cowardice that is afraid of colliding with authority, and it's exactly through that why all the wrongs in laws and morals which are maintained by that authority, stay out of reach.

I failed to find in the brotherhood the slightest support. Not that I requested it (I didn't) but it was their duty to act, they who pretend devotion to "human justice".

And the christians! "You are one of ours," wrote Ds. Francken, "we think the same as you do. ("Precisely my idea!") It is we who will give you a helping hand in your striving."

Perhaps you have read in Tydspiegel what I answered (since it was in Tydspiegel where he inserted his salving sermon.) I was not yet so bitter as I am now, and replied with gentleness, I believe. Well now, I am still awaiting that "helping hand". I confess that later on I treated the christians harshly, but that was exactly because they left me in the lurch in a cause that in accordance to their church-tattle, was theirs. "Love of mankind, brotherhood, relief from oppression" etc. etc..... tattle.

After the Havelaar I was absurdly raised to.... writer. That bothered me. (See Loveletters: the parables of Chresos, and of the screaming mother.) Once when a dominie told me that he had read that book with so much pleasure, I exploded and said that he was a very low individual.

God knew that I had not written it either to please myself, or any one else! I sought (and seek)justice!

Admittedly the Havelaar affair was a satisfactory starting point from which to climb the height upon which I want to stand in order to be able to oversee all, to grasp the power which I need to change what appears to me to be evil.,,,,

As, since my 22nd year I often failed in the choice of means, -this I have already told you- I nevertheless did not alter my goal.

Means! O, if only instead of taking the peaceful road of reasoning and patience I had chosen violence! At Lebak it would have cost me one word and revolt would have been realized. I counseled with myself an entire night. The decision was: "do not rebel, I shall help you in a different way." Yes, I pitied the poor fellows who would have followed me and pay with their lives for one or two days' triumph in bloody defeat. Still I regret that I did not say revolt. I have been too conciliatory and will not be so again, as soon as I see a chance to address Holland in a way different from writing.

Funny, do you know that Langiwicz, the dictator of Poland, had a young girl as adjutant? Always, when reading about her, I would think of you. You have much courage in your countenance. And along with it I thought, if Langiwicz loves her I can well grasp that he, alongside and with himself exposes her to death, but I do not comprehend how he can watch her sharing rough camp life with him, hearing filthy language and seeing mean things. Death, dying together, is poetic, but that prize is only for the few. The problem is wrestling through a prosaic life.

I went by your house today. What a paralysing feeling it was that you were neither there nor in town. What're doing now? 'Tis near twelve. Oh, do give me all your emotions. How sublime was your daybook for me! Remember that it belongs to me.

Thursday.

My letter is still not finished. But if I postpone mailing it will get to thick for the envelope. And taking a bundle to the train is too noticeable. That's why I'm sending.

I still do not know when I'll go to Amsterdam. The reason is sad. In general I'm sad. But don't let it bother you. The main thing is that I love you so much. I'm expecting tiding from you. If you don't write heartily I'll commit murder. No, no, write the way you feel. Remember that love means giving. Give me your soul. Do I not do the same? Dagh my child.

XXVI

Thursday evening late, 30 July '63.

I have your letter my dear mimi, and I'm pleased with it. You say: "I have done well to write you in such a way, you were in need of it." O, that makes me really happy, You see, such I've never been able to do, no matter the urge. Each communication outside of you, or sans you, hurt me. Naturally I'm very anxious to see you, and somewhat alone, sans any compulsion I mean than from ourselves. But the desire to write to you still persists. That too is a must. That you cannot as yet reply well to my letters (today you must have the second one) I grasp.

Again I read your letter. I am so happy with it. Tine loves you very much. She knows how I carry you in my heart, but still I would that you would ask her once. No.... calling in witnesses if foolish. Just write her that I'm

crazy about you and see if she doesn't reply that she was long aware of it.

This evening I strolled with Marie. Had tea at the geestbrug. There was fireworks and music. I could not help speaking about you of and on, at times I fear that this is rude of me, but I never perceive it in her. She is intensely good.

Night before last at one o'clock, when you wrote that note in black pencil, I likewise thought of you. I am aware that you cannot write me steadily.

Two things in your writing are striking:

1°."I shall need courage to write you all."

2° "I hope (know) that you do not think worse about me than you say you do."

The first part I do not grasp: You need courage against me?

And the second! O mimi, how can you write something like that? Have I said that I thought badly about you? I love you as my idol, you are my ideal, and should I be thinking badly about you!? But you cannot have meant it so. Oh, that I might prove to you how high I place you!

Yes, I request of you to tell me all, all. But I cannot imagine that you need courage for that. I feel myself so close to you.

> Sunday morning a quarter to nine: hooge sluis (that's in your neighborhood) In the event you can't come, then do not worry. I am aware hindrances may come. No, I shall lodge at the munt. Come to the munt, that can.

Tomorrow I will addto this. Now I'm going to sleep, and you will be my last thought. Oh, I regret I never dream.

Friday morning.

Yes, come direct to the munt yourself. Sunday morning. That can very well .

I've stayed there often and many times received ladies. I will look for you and in addition say that you will be allowed to go straight upstairs. If I would meet you at the hooge sluis, we would have to walk first to a house where we could talk in freedom, and in my own room it is best. You know where the munt is, don't you? That inn with a tower, at the end of kalverstraat, or coming from your direction, at the beginnin.

I read your letter over again and your fear that you need courage makes me fear that you again refuse to join. Aye, mimi, no courage is needed for you against me. Even if in accordance with an inner voice it would be your duty to part, well it will grieve me, but I shall realize all.

Work? Yes, I hope so! Besides my need for help I would think it a pity to let abilities and a heart such as yours go unused. The first work, the starting point would be that I could with certainty count on you. I might right now ask you to do something, but it's a secondary matter and no hurry about it. Also you would, at the crisis of deciding about your entire life, less than ever be fitted for steady work. The weighing of the anchor, the rigging of the sails occurs after the decision of making the voyage. Whether you will make that decision is the question, and it is for that reason that I must continue to write you, so that you will know your destination and with what ship. ('Tis a small, leaky craft, and the chances of sinking are infinitely greater than of succeeding.)

The secret of the success of the Robinson histories lies in that he was alone. One human being against nature, one human being! Every other struggle in life is carried on in combined effort, and where we read briefly: Xerxes crossed the Hellespont and Napoleon forged the Niemen, the true paraphrase sounds: So many people made the trip led by Xerxes, or Napoleon.

Indeed the robinsons had it easy! It makes me jealous. That tame, unchangeable nature is a meek horse sans caprices. Whoso has to influence humans has more to do since their habit is inconstancy. Never did a stone on an uninhabited island fall in accordance with different laws from those in London:"The proper study of mankind is man!" Yes, and the most difficult one!

To cross the Hellespont is not difficult, as everywhere that water carries a boat, a ship, in accordance with universal laws. But more is required in order to induce 2½ million people (or as many less as there is tare in the history) to go along. All those asians left their domiciles, their living habits, their relatives, behind because one person would found a world empire, going through Greece. That monstrous result rests on a very simple multiplication, almost too simple to explain: divide Xerxes' empire into three parts, each part into three subdivisions, etc. Assume that the heads of each part believe in (obey) the chief standing above him, then you arrive as early as the 15th split at about four million persons who follow the will of one person. There lie only 12 or 13 terms terms between Xerxes and the lowest ranking fighter who went along from the Indies' boundaries.

But increase the factor of the progression (there were more satraps than three) multiply by 20, by 50, by 100 at the transfer of the will, then you have a much shorter way to cover to reach from the single headed top of the pyramid the emormous base.

1 x 100 x 100 x 100 x 100 is a hundred million, add one more term and

you go past the entire number of souls on our little earth ten times!

I love firgures and think this reasoning more eloquent than the image of Jesus about leaven, although he wants to say the same thing there. The catholic church no doubt has well grasped this! It has always been the finest organization ever. From the pope down to the insignificant cloister porter nun, there are but few rungs, but through an unexampled togetherness it ruled the world with its system! For the manner in which it made use of its might, I do not, of course, favor it, but its organization is brilliant. It was so instituted that it grasped the human being at birth and did not let go of him at death, yes not even afterw ard. From the baptism till the final unction it clasped the souls with irresistible might, and even after death it decided about the measure of salvation. Do not say: what folly it is on readingthat soul-masses have an influence on the comfort and wellbeing of a deceased person, or do not laugh about it when a small group of very sinful cardinals declare an unknown being of the dim past sinless, that is: holy. Admire rather the strength that knew how to get such a belief accepted.

And for the greater part that strength issued from that one (fine) doctrine: the infallibility of that church! Do not jusdge too quickly that I think this doctrine fine. In your protestant tradition it must seem ludicrous. The protestants are misfits, mimi! With their semi-wisdom they aimed to keep the structure but.... sans foundation. They want sea and rain.... sans moisture; they do like to keep the village clock high in the air so that every one at all times can see what time it is, but the tower upon which the clock rests, without which the keeping of the clock is impossible, they have pulled down.

I confess that catholicism has become an old decayed structure (once it was fine and solid, although it was badly inhabited (or inhabited by bad people) but protestantism is is house sans rez-de-chaussez.

Whoso doubts the infallibility of the pope, is entitled to leave the entire edifice founded on it, but attempting to maintain it sans that basis, is folly.

And that infallibility of the church existed as well for the thinking catholic as for the dumbbell who took it that the pope never sinned. That wasn't it. Some time ask a sailor if his commandant never gave out wrong orders. He is at liberty to think so, to demonstrate it as tirelessly as pleases him. Even assume that he is right, and that just now the wise sailor is busy on the forecastle demonstrating this solidly:

-Reefing, all men up!

Gone is the fallability! He calls: reefing! and if there's no quick reefing the ship will be off to the moon, including the wise sailor! If he is indeed intelligent he would slap the ears of the newcomer who, shocked by his demonstration, would attempt to protest against the order.

Indeed the captain can fail, but no failing on his part can affect the ship as a whole so harmfully as the loss of regard for his voice.

Where I disapprove: "he, the teacher said so," among the pupils of Pythagoras, who thereby tried to prove something, I speak of school, of study, of intelligence. Where I favor infallibility, I speak of action.

In that sense I must be infallible, in order to cross the Hellespont not by myself.

And, naturally (cause and effect again molten) the belief in that infallibility, indeed protects among others against much that is wrong. Trusting in strength creates strength.

Belief? 'Tis either ignorance or sublimity! Ignorance in reasoning, in searching for truth. Sublimity in action as the greatest sacrifice.

Columbus' belief discovered America. Lack of belief prevented him to do so sooner 'Tis a fault in Jesus that Judas Iscariot failed to believe in him to the extent of making betrayal impossible.

The entire history is apocryphal. The judeo-roman police had no need of any one to show them where Jesus was. Was he not to be found easily? The tale that he was betrayed must have its origin in the desire to debase him the eyes of the people.

"See, so little divine he has that one of his, who no doubt must have been convinced of the divinity, betrays him." The apostatizing from Jesus was a welcome blotch on the firm Jesus, disciples and Company, but in no wise essential for his arrest. Besides that hiding was not included in the plan. A hiding, an evasive Jesus is an unthinkable object, and cetainly does not fit into his robust"he, whom you seek is here!"

In my environment I found belief, but directly outside of it always violent opposition. It seemed that elsewhere people were jealous of my influence nearby. The letter Drystubble found in Everdine's sewing basket is a sample (a rough but eloquent little smaple) of that general desire to draw away from me whoso stood near me.

When I first (and relectantly) decided to widen my small circle, to make my public debut, I thought in the beginning that I had succeeded. "I must be read," I had said boldly, and it happened. But the popularity

which I made, and the influence that I would get through it, had to be curbed. Writing openly, resolutely against me was never done. As I have said, my moves were not answered but the chessboard was overturned, so that the pieces rolled away into the mud of busy-boddying in which I am not at home. I appreciate that tactic as efficient, be it ever so ignoble, the same as I acknowledge that splashing around in the slime of daily activity tires meand often discourages me. Without heart I am useless, and I have no use for that. How clever they are those ignorant people on their own terrain!

Oh, the manner in which I am repeatedlypulled down from the pedestal upon which I ventured to place myself is deplorable. I would be able (and once, perhaps, I shall do so) to give a sketch of the manner in which the Netherlands has replied to the Max Havelaar "which was so beautiful" they said.

But not in that will I lose myself.

For you, and in this letter, the question is what there is to do, what shall be, not how I worried with a thankless past.

Where I found attachment, desire to join, it was for the greater part, yes almost exclusively,among women. What there is among men of my spirit will only become apparent after twenty years when they who read me in their boyhood will administer the establishment. Whoso were older at the time of my debut was already influenced by coff, sugar, bible-god, corpus juris, metallics and other shop-wares. There will be combats in my name when I shall no longer be there. Oh, I know it death is required in order to bring about life, and no road leads to heaven except past Golgotha.

But that is no reason to sleep in before Golgothat..... on the contrary! O how easy the legend made it for that Jesus. How little ennui there lies between his: I say onto you! and: it is finished! How short and quickly decided was his campaign.... how little garrison service!.He came saw, scolded, criticized and was put to death.

It was natural that I found adherence mostly among women. They are the samaritans of present day Judea. The parias of this establishment. They are not allowed to do this, they dare not do that.... They are predestined to listen to every glad tiding of delivery. And I with my"foolish desire to carry the world's ills", was predestined to suffer under their want of freedom.

So have many loved me, and I many!

Now I ask you if I were right in my first letter, mimi, (of monday) when I said that there was no place for jealousy here. O, that falls away!

Whoso love me and my endeavor must unite for a common cause. Form must be given to the strength that lives in many a heart. There must be unity in the striving of all who silently asked: Don't you think it's suffocating in here?

That form I shall think about, determine. I would have done it long since but I could not do without you, whom I love so beyond words. That broke my elan .

O mimi, if you knew how electrifying was the impression that afternoon when I saw you for the first time, and when you kissed me! The feeling of that day has never faltered. For me there lay a bond forever in that kiss! And whatever your decision will be, even would you say no to all

I ask you, even if now too you think you have other duties, in my heart I will continue to belong to you and respect you always.

But indeed it will grieve and paralyse me if I have to keep you alien from the grand empire of Insulinde.

Insulinde, that is, at first the group of beautiful lands"that circle the equator with a girdle of emeralds," but later, later it will include and carry the name of the great world commonwealth which I want to found and in which I wish to see you on the place of honor.

I started by saying that the description of my person is difficult. For example here now. I see no possibility to point out to you the connection between my ambition and love for you; I am not aware of what your face, your figure, eyes, voice.... a handshake or kiss has to do with the courage and the strength which I shall need to sweep clean the augius-stable of the establishment.... but even though I do not comprehend all of that, I feel it indeed, and my entire comprehension is made up by that feeling. "_Les grandes pensees viennent du coeur_." Minus that feeling I am in most genially dumb. My dear Everdine knows a little about that! She who leads me by the hand as a child. (About that see the sublime quotation from Henry de Pene as a foreword to the Havelaar.)

In general you may find all my personal contradictions in my writings, which by now you are able to grasp better than a "public". Turn to my Ideas, or the Loveletters, or Free Labor, where here and there I am fortunate in expression, everywhere you will find the fruits of the ground which I have now described in coarse lines. And when you hear others speak about me, you will often laugh within yourself.

Still I am not sorry for having written for publicity. To it I owe having you.

Do you ask now: what must I do, now, today, tomorrow? See, that I do not know, I must work. I must write the grand constitution for Insulinde.

As for you, for the moment you have only to answer the question "if you love me?" That answer I will get sunday.

And, mimi, do not think that it requires courage to say no, or yes tentatively.

As always I shall acquiesce in the expression of your heart, and it will be an assurance for me to know that you grasp the importance of your choice, and that, exactly from this writing, you have been enabled to see how high I estimate you, not only in my heart, but also in my dreams of the future, of combat and of victory. You will still remain my fancy, even if you fled hither....

Due to daily things I'm just at this time very much depressed. So much the better! It proves to me (in my own eyes) that I, oppressed by what is small, hold on to what is grand. That gives me enough vanity to continue.

Whatever does not stick together in my writing, you will have to tie up. It pleases me to be sloppy.

The idea of seeing you soon with more freedom than ever, fires me up.

I'm planning to arrive in Amsterdam Saturday evening. Will I then find something from you in the Munt? Please, just a word, a greeting.

Dagh dear, lovely mimi.

XXVII.

The Hague Wednesday, 5 August.

'Tis only now that I write you, my dear child, and when I think back to your visit and how my mind has been occupied with you ever since, while reading your letter it seems to me that a year has elapsed between the apparition (that you are to me) and the memory. There lies an air of purity about you that is so lovely and puts me in a good mood. All the while I thought of your father's word that's an honor to him and her whom it did concern above all: "There never came a loveless sound out of that mouth, never did anything impure flow from her lips!" that I heard all the while as I beheld you. The impression you make upon me is bewitching, and reflects in what I say or do.

Yesterday noon I spoke at lunch, something I otherwise never do. I read affection in the glances, I felt I was pleasing, I lived in the atmosphere I had shared with you.... I reflected the perfume that I took with me from your presence, out of your letter.... I smelled of love and goodness.

Never mind if I express myself foolishly and dress my words in my heart's negligee. All about me and for me was good. If I had been asked to make a collection for poor pregnant women, much would have been given.

But I could not write at once. I felt the same as I did during the two letters you send me from Amsterdam (count on it that I always grasp this)

How beautiful you look,mimi! 'Tis as if I never had a good look of you, so fresh and blushing and healthy, but still you are to me, for all your physical loveliness, more poetical than a shadow! 'Tis a ploy of Fancy

to hide herself behind the fullness of shapes, she teases me with the wealth of her abode.... or no, 'tis that duchess (d'Egmont, I believe) who as a farmer's daughter went to the carnival in order to see if the prince would recognize her under that Breton's peasant cap.

Oh well, the prince recognized her at once, and Fancy gathered no honor with the disguise.

Oh no, don't contract smallpox, mimi, It would make me feel very, very bad....

Your request (in an earlier letter) "Take care that Tine loves me," I shall attend to, I assure you!

Yes, loving is living! There is, I think, a beautiful word from the holy Theresia about the devil: "Oh, poor creature, that never has loved!" That's a sublime conception of hell. No worms, no gnashing of teeth, no god's wrath.... nothing of all that, but.... no love! I know nothing about Sinte Theresia than that word and I think that it was right to canonise her.

Just now I read over your letters which I received before my arrival in Amsterdam. Dear mimi, I feel that we now are infinitely nearer to each other than ever. Between now and the moment that you stood on the steps of the station, much has happened within my being. I cannot love you more than I did then and earlier (I have always told you the truth) But I am more confidential with you and the idea that you belong to me, just as I to you. Do not think that my deep adoration of Everdine or other affections and duties will be neglected by it. I make bold to say that I belong to you because I cannot think what part of my being I would withhold from you. I

do not know where I would say: so far! Oh, let me always experience well that you accept all as your own.

It does indeed weigh on me that I love much. This morning Francisc stood near me and was so heartily, and so was I. Yes, I know that she loves me, and I like her very much. She is frank, that silent Francis!

Oh, I'll tell you a little trait in her which I think great. She knows how much I love you, and how I appreciate all that comes from you. You now know the history of the moss plant. During my absence in Amsterdam she has w atered them. Coming home last night the meeting was, as usual, friendly, but at the first moment when she could have a word with me alone, it was this: "I have sprinkled the moss!"

Don't you think that's beautiful? Don't you think that this tiding lay on top of her heart?

And if then I am very heartily towards Francis, am I doing wrong? Am I unfaithful to you? Help me to see straight. But I do tell her that I carry you in my heart.... yes, that's self evident. How else could she use her care for your little plant as a friendly gift of her love for me! Is there not loftiness, unassumed greatness in that caring for the symbol of my attachment to you? And that need of having to tell me at once as a present on my return! I confess that it steals my heart.

Did there lay pretention in it when I took your exclamation: "to you I had promised my life and will, with you I wanted to suffer and enjoy, and to you I wanted to sacrifice all!" and applied it to myself? No, mimi, after all what you told me and wrote, it would have been beguiling not to believe it.

'Tis true that piece says: I am young. But that too is not untrue. I

am as young as you are. My spirit is as new and fresh as you are. My body may be closer to decomposure, it's not older than when I had lived shorter. And my emotions? Oh, that rich and all inspiring poesy! Does spring get old because many springs preceded it? Is not each nightingale the messenger? Could it be said, "they are getting old those little birds.... we are writing '63?" Is there a wrinkle in their song or wear in their melody?

But sans that poesy, that remains eternally green, aye, then I am old indeed! I feel none of it,... except when reckoning! I heard (and I remember it!) the bombardment of Antwerp! Thirty years ago I wrote a drama! (The name was Hector, of course). It lay in my heart to take sides with the vanquished hero who unlike his opponent was not supported by a god. 'Twas a false game, I thought. And, mimi, at the time you were born I duelled already. (I want to find the newspaper in which your birth was reported, help me on the road.) Yes, that I want to read! "Today delivered successfully from mimi!" Oh, how nice it was of your mama to deliver herself from you, nice of you to arrive! Did you inquire for me? But I was far from you in 1840! I made sad verses then. As late as 1842 I promised myself to be a genius.

Thursday morning.

Yesterday I stopped and in the afternoon I took a stroll. When I came home I found a foolish letter from Rosette B. Fortunately for her I know that she is better than her plastic wittness. Her soul is a german draught letter with curls, but good she is. She strives for development. Too bad that she seeks it in tasteless deviating from simplicity.

You are indeed simple, mimi. Now more than ever your heart lies open to me. And even your broken-of sentences I manage to decipher rather well. Still, you must not abuse it. Do not force me to hold a letter to the light in order to grasp what remained in your pen. Occasionally you do it to tease. You still owe me the explanation of.... wait, I will copy it word for word, it states:

Eduard, I am not flat, really not! It bothers me so that you believed (believe?) Fear for grief in others is not weakness, is it? To that I was sacrificed, say you.

(god how foolish that you!)

"Yes but.... one dream I will tell you, or perhaps you'll grasp it so. Byron was since.....no, I will tell it to you."

And nothing else. Come on, give me that dream, and repeat what you said about Byron. 'Twas about loves. I want to know if you fall short of something in your heart because of me. That I don't want.

Yes, mimi, always tell me all. In the Sterkmanslane (oh, how much more jolly I am now than then) "you are well aware that a girl doesn't come out with it that way."

Now I ask you once for all not to be a girl for me. Rather be impudique of frankness than ~~to~~ cause me pain about restraint. No impudique you cannot be. Is a bride that way who, once having said heartily yes to the question if she would give herself, starts to disrobe? Refusal were theft and falseness in her. And you, who means so much more to me than the usual bride, who often has more than her body to disrobe) you, who gave me your soul....

you, who gave me your soul.... o mo, in that sense do not be a girl! I am entitled to all that you think and feel and dream, all of that belongs to me, and for stealing you are too honest!

O, I do not complain! God save me!Do not think that I complain. I still recall that frank "and" with which began your second letter. That was a revelation for me.

And I still get letters, even now. Mostly I do not answer them. As soon as we are joined for good I will let you read (when I do not betray). There are many curious things among them.

I cannot tell how it stirred me that you slept in my room....*

(*) The guestroom of the family Hodz.)

.... I was not aware of it and realize why I was not told. I will not mention it with others! Yes I'll tell Everdine, and how I'm stirred by it. I embraced my pillow and cried. Do you grasp that? O, I think it so lovely that you tell me. How did it happen?

Aren't we nothing but little creatures, after all? I am grieved with myself for not having felt it. I blame myself. 'Tis shameful having so little capacity to love! What is it to me that others have five senses (to wit one:feeling) must I not be educated to higher observation? I am sad about it, mimi.

Yes, yes, there it is again, that endless pain about the difference between will and ability. That is the irony of a god who mocks his creature as it cannot fly.

I cannot fly o Lord and you, you, you bear the guilt of it! You, who either should have enabled me to do what's highest, or keep from me the desire to reach what's highest.

I am sad, mimi, about my inability. But that is true, I will what's good so strongly as a created being can, and I love you strongly and ardently and holy as is possible for one lacking a sixth sense.

I am indeed ungrateful with my grief. Who knows if I stood higher, if I then would have feeling for what is low. There I got to thinking and realized that a ghost could not have embraced your knee the way I have done because both of us are only human! How do you make love in heaven? Cloudy, hovering.... I don't know.

Oh, how funny, just now I was sad about too much material imperfection, and when I now think that the desire to aethrise -if it were satisfied! would cost me the loss of your knee, your mouth, your forehead and your eyes!- o, then I would prefer to be still dumber, still more material.

No, that I do not mean. Your heart is the main thing. Oh, all, all!

Whether I am angry about that question about Everdine? I did not think about being angry. I grasped your question and pose it myself from time to time. But the answer is simple and you too had it ready. She is quite aware about me and comprehends all, and shares in it. I though about that too when I wrote you (and I have always said so) appeal to it that I loved you so much. She is just my closest confidante, even in things which I have not emphasized, because I haven't the time, or because I was in a mood of neglecting (seemingly) or because it was self evident.

O, I must warn you against that. There will come a time that I'll write little or nothing... For gods sake never mistrust my heart. Then I am distracted by flat things. Look for it in Loveletters, where I failed to recognize fancy because I was occupied with the minister of colonies

Yes, you will grasp and in reality see all that concerns me.

You will also see in it how Everdine calls me back to fancy. How she scolds me because I left her or denied her. Those are chutes of the soul.... eagles' moulting time.

You see, that's just so fine about Everdine that she calls to me: Swim! you can, in moments of despondency. Betsy was right in being enthusiastic about her, and so are many. The here and there existing false reflection from Havelaar's glitter is far below the steadily burning glow from her. Always the same, always courageous, true, soft, solidly intelligent, simple, poetic, childish, joyful, pleasure loving....

Pleasure is virtue! Oh, and see the taste of her pleasure. You can know it from her letters. She would transform heaven into a carnaval and a carnaval into heaven.

Recently at a procession at which the lord god was honored as a child would, such as is customary with the catholics, she made the baker's wife, who had given her a spot in her shop, quite happy with her gayety about the beauty of all the decorated rubbish.

--Madame, la procession de votre faubourg est la plus belle que je n'aie jamais vue. La vierge de Molenbeek ne vaut pas la votre.... et la magnifique couronne! Tenez, sa robe seule, vaut plus que l'autre avec le manteau.

--n'est ce pas madame?

--Si, si, votre vierge est magnifique! Et comme ils one bonne mine les enfants de chueur.

The baker's wife glowed with pleasure

--En avez vous des enfants? En etaient ils de la procession?

Most certainly. The children of the baker's wife had been part of it. That's why she was pleased to hear the procession praised so much. Whether Everdine knew it? Certainly. The woman having pointed out that row of girls *en blanc et en bleu* the colors of the H.virgin! (also the colors of Insulinde, your colors, mimi!)

and said:

--*Vous voyez bien ces petits anges qui prient et chantent?*

and that she had said that her daughters were there too in a manner that made Tine feel that her little daughters were there too.

And that she thought the procession nice, was true. And so did I. And Edu and Nonnie too, and Lotje too. And we felt sorry for protestantism and congratulated god that there still were children who served him with flowers and colors and flags and palm leaves and singing and praying in a childish way!

Perhaps my writing doesn't please you, mimi, perhaps you would like to hear more about business. Good. We'll do everything together. I will disrobe my entire soul before you. But now, after my visit to A., now, after I have seen you very good for the first time, now I cannot write otherwise than I do! I am filled with you, filled with poesy.

I do have something left of the mood after your daybook! I loved to close the book of my life, after finishing the page upon which you wrote your love.

Aye, what sadness in the M. B.'s letters. What a veil there lies over

that soul. Support her well and give her love. How lovely sounds her "my own darling", because it was said to you. And how that hand touched me which I recognized at once! One time, when I was waiting for a letter from you, I received hers in which she wrote that she would no longer receive any letters! That was the beginning of the tossing to and fro that lasted so long. But now it's finis, finis, finis! Mimi, I cannot part with you, and will not. It's idle to force something upon oneself as possible, what we both hold to be impossible. It cannot!

Do you think it's your duty to tell your father that you belong to me, associate with me, that you do not give up that association (there is something in that frankness that attracts me0 and does he mean that for that reason he must disown you, good! I am your nearest! My duties concerning you I consider as being without limits, and your heart may determine my rights. Oh, there are no rights on my side except that I am your nearest

My dear, where does the woman live who has consumption? When she dies the child will be left uncared for. And what now? When it cries from hunger? Why certainly we must take care of the child. Tell me where can I find it. Why do we have to wait till the mother is dead?

There I have thought and changed my mind. Tell me where I can find that wight. But for you to adopt it will not be possible. Yes, I have thought it over and even thought it's difficult for me to tell you frankly to write you the result; still I will do so and briefly.

To care, help, yes! Tell me where the child is.

But for you to adopt it. No, mimi! You are not entitled to halfness where your rich nature is entitled to fullness. I want that you have a child of your own, you see!

Oh, do not think that I count lightly what that expression signifies. I am convinced that I count heavier all that concerns you, than you do yourself.

But I do not want that will have been passed by on this earth without there being something left from you, something of your own. Do not think that I count your honor (in accordance with the world) lightly. But I cannot bear that such a supreme blossom should not bear fruit. Either I shall have the power to alter morals and conceptions, or should marrying be be necessary for that so called honor, good, then I shall tell Everdine and she will say that she is well supplied with honor and can do without that of the world and make it possible for me to have the necessary freedom to make you the mother of my child, sans scandal.

I am furious at laws and morals! 'Tis a lie that you do not belong to me. 'Tis unnatural that I'm not with you! Is it my fault that mankind is bad, that false oaths exist, that fathers disown their children when it's not prevented by law?

I shall protect and spare you as the down of a peach, but in my heart I protest against every separating wall between you and me, and I shall protest with deeds no sooner than it's necessary and you want it.

To you alone is the decision to whom you will give your youth, and of who you will think when you double yourself into a baby.

Honor! Nice honor, to suppress each forth coming blossom! Honor, foul honor, that verdict to wither pronounced by numbskulls against the best!

What a rich heart you have, mimi, and should that heart not love a child? What a full bossom you have, may that breast not succor a child?

Do not frown because I write so negligée.

Oh, I'll come again to Amsterdam. I shall treat you with respect, but in my heart you belong to me wholly. Write me emphatically if you feel upset about my brusquerie. No, I think! Is that vanity?

The laws or morals that separate you from me, cannot be good.

I have much to write you but am a little uneasy now.

I do not favor for you to give (in the usual sense) lessons. Will you do so to children who cannot pay and to whom it would be a benefit? I'm earnestly thinking about work for you. You can write.... but I do not say yet that you must write. I'll give it serious thought. If I need you, even for monetary things, I'll ask you. I will consider it a matter of honor to be assisted by you. I'm thinking about it. But I guess that I'll think better not. I do not want you you come in contact with the trivial outside world.

I promise you a less foolish letter next time, and in it I will also tell you when I'll come to Amsterdam. Strange, I cannot imagine that i've been there and so close to you. But I'm indeed cheerful when I think about you. I know you love me.

Explain me once how you mean that lacking in upbringing through the one sided association with women? I'd like to know very much how you

mean that. I'm curious how you explain it.

That catalogue Chris made is funny. . Never think that anything you write me escapes me, even if you get such a careless, foolish answer as this letter. I will also write you further about the contents , of the letters which I sent you to Amsterdam, but I'm now a little too full of you and our meeting. 'Tis strange, I would like to tell all nature: she sat on my lap! I'm now unable to imagine it again. Will it happen again? Yes, yes.... or no, all in accordance to what's good for you. I will care for my love of you as a fine, costly plant.

Oh, each love will disappoint you after mine! They are so poor those people and cannot give you much! Do I give much? Certainly not in this letter, but my heart is indeed full, full onto bursting, and that you know, that you feel, my mimi.

I'm sending you enclosed a petal of your moss! I do not give away much of it, I'm stingy with it. Oh, 't was so dry and dead. Dagh my dear child.

Eduard.

XXVIII.

Saturday noon.

Mimi, enclosed the letters from Mrs. B. returned.

I request you very earnestly not to give your father grief. From your letter of yesterday I see very plainly that it's not fair. The only cause that might justify it does not exist.

Yesterday I wrote to Everdine, and mostly about you. No doubt she'll write you, send me that letter and do not inflict the pain upon yourself to write in accordance with the mood that caused me to write so to her and now to you.

I request you to think nothing flat of me. I am natural and simple. My heart is clean and good, and my actions mostly too. I don't believe that many pious are as pious as I am, and where I love, I am more than pious, I am holy.

No, I want no sacrifice, just because it is a sacrfice.

XXIX
(Sent with XXV)

Saturday morning.

Dear Mimi, I return enclosed Mrs. B's letters. I think it lovely that you sent them to me. I wanted to enter entirely into all that concerns you. That's why I expected a letter from you, different than what I got today. Alas!

I do not know why I should wait with writing. Neither why I'm not allowed to see you. Besides I do not know yet whether I will not before Wednesday come to Amsterdam. It will be up to you to refuse to see me.

Expect from me neither coercion nor scorn, such as for you seems to be the condition for loving and following. That sentence indicates the entire position. You state:

"And as he has sent me away, either by compulsion or scorn, then I will show him that I love him too."

Sending away, compulsion, scorn... and from that side follows from your side: love?

To bad that it also states "too". That little word is still too much and there should be a heavy emphasis on him. Yes, mimi, that too is too much.

No mimi, I do not want sacrifice. One tear from you makes me desperate, and you know it!

I want no sacrifice!

Also that other.... sensuality! You are sorry about my letter which exactly shows how open and frank I expose myself to you. No beating about the bush, no falseness, no seduction, no enticement. The moment I shall have an image within my being that spurs me on to that I will, personally, warn you against myself. I would personally sketch you the lot of a girl who would go contrary to the dumb force of the world.

I gave you all that's within me, and did not even ask you what you thought of it. I gave you my impressions along with the printer's errors, uncorrected. The honesty of my love that wants to give, forced me to that. And with prudery you write in answer: It causes me grief!" Fy!

What would follow from it? That I would have to think, reflect: "that can I tell her, not that!" I would have to shift. Oh, I love you so entirely and would like so much to give you all that is within me.

I invite you into my dwelling, and with sincere familiarity I lead you into the untidy (but colorful) ante-room, and you, mimi, you hold a handkerchief before your nose and cry: how dirty it is here!

So it is! Girly!!

And you know how I adore you! You know very well that this familiarity is no disdain but a desire to make you feel at home in your own house, my heart.

You also know how holy you are to me. Oh, in that comparison to the ante-room.... you know how I, after having led you in there, would give

myself as footstool, rather than let you walk on a dirty floor.

You know, mimi, that in everything you would be safe with me, and that I would hesitate to touch your little finger sans your consent.

You ought to be aware that I am fine and sensitive and delicate, and you seem to take the sincerity of my utterance for coarseness.

That's not lovely of you. I am usually good, even towards any one I do not love. The same as the public does you confuse the freedom which I preach, with the freedom which I allow myself.

Mimi I do not believe that there are many devout as devout as I am.

Yesterday I wrote home. And to Everdine as well as to Charlotte, I wrote only about you. I could not do otherwise. I have asked Everdine to write you that I love you so much. To her I have opened my heart. The world would find that strange, don't you think? To her! And do I then deserve to be judged in accordance with worldly wisdom?

What now? Mimi, I cannot do without you. Whether I would prefer that you died? you ask? I believe yes?

I feel bitter pain. I hoped for a lovely letter, full of heart and soul, and instead of it, that. You know very well that I cannot bear your grief, that one word of you -such a word!- makes me mute and powerless. I am too grieved to continue to write. I request of you to think nothing flat of me.

I believe after all that I'm cross with you, and that hurts me so deeply.

Ed.

XXX.

Sunday morning, 9 August.

Tomorrow I'll see you, mimi, and that idea fulfills me. Still, I'm writing to you because I cannot think of anything else. Why can I not come to Amsterdam in order to see you? I do come to see you. God knows for how long I shall not see you again.

I regret my yesterday's letter. Aye, let there never come anything between us. Your short letter of yesterday I got this morning and was very glad with it. But I still would rather have gotten such a friendly letter after my brusque sortie.

With this I give you what I wrote yesterday. Pay no attention to the tone. I give it to you because of that comparison to the anteroom. And that I give you this scribbling is not because of the matter itself but I want to make up. If I thought now that yesterday I was wrong in everything, I would still send it, just to show you that in everything I was wrong. You have to know everything about me.

I recall what a wonderful joy it was for me tuesday to have the letter which you had given me yourself. I locked my door and sat down to it as a gourmand to a meal."I've not quite lost her!" I said.

Mimi, mimi, I count on it that you love me. You have said so. And it's for that reason that I too think that it will please you to have something after tomorrow or tuesday, when we shall have talked. Besides, I am mesmerized in your presence.

I shall indeed tell you all that I am now writing, but I want to write it too. I will be frank.

For once let it remain as is whether your grief and fear were well founded, certain it is that they barred you from writing to me since tuesday. You have kept from me what went on within you, and that you cannot. I am interested to hear from you what Fredi said, what skirts you made for her, what you thought about Byron, how you mourn your mother. You see, mimi, on that, on all that news I am jealous, and you owe me that. If you told me: "when I was six I thought...." and we were interrupted, see, then I would wait as long as a year and ask: What did you think when you were six? On that point I am very greedy, mimi, and what you hold back is theft. Do you realize now what a treasure your daybook was for me? So, mimi, when you are grumbling again or in fear, do write it down and give me what is mine, the dowery of your heart.

That from time to time you have periods of inability, I gather. That I too have and will always realize. One may be too full for giving expression, or too, sometimes we are assailed by a kind of paralysis that prevents speech. Good, but it you are cross, or feeling sad, that's no reason why you should withhold from me what's mine. If we were married would you then too give me nothing to eat if I had made you cross?

I acted quite wrongly yesterday to write so brusquely to you. That's really never good. And yet I do not promise improvement. I am dedicated always to write just as I feel at the moment, even though I know that it doesn't suit you. Truth above all. I prefer to lose you because of a truth, rather than keep you by telling a lie, or even a half lie.

And from that feeling sprouts forth what made you so downcast and fearfull since my latest letter, and about that I want to write you.

Probably my present tone will suit you better, but that's not my purpose.

There I hear something from my childhood. It's a line from a verse by des Amorie van der Hoeven, who was my friend. (Have you heard of him by reputation? He died as a dominie at Utrecht.)

"Then changed the spirit of my dream."

Yes, mimi, my dream about you changes repeatedly, but its holy spirit dominates; and it will remain to rule, above all where the reverse would cause you fear. I tell you be assured and never wound me fearing something ignoble.

And that wild expression of other impressions, you ask. Certainly, I am sensitive also in what is sensual, and when I discover it, or undergo, I will tell you, but just because I tell you should give you reason for tranquility. Did you think that I didn't know how strange and negligee my frankness must appear to you who in the usual sense are a decent girl? Well now, my straightforwardness, even there where it's repulsive to you, is a guarantee for you. I hide nothing.

Day before yesterday I said I would not like to sleep downstairs with an open window since I was not certain of having courage against thieves, if I awoke with a shock. A coward would not dare say so.

One time Napoleon promised his soldiers before a field battle th at he would keep himself out of danger. A craven general would not have dared to say that.

And I, mimi, I would not have dared to write to you as I did, had I not been convinced of the purity of my feelings for you, and at the same time that you counted on it.

Suppose there was an opportunity to be together just after such a confidence, on a trip ot anywhere you will, undisturbed and totally free.... oh, then it would have hurt me so to see the slightest fear or worry in you. And I know that you would not have any fear! You would not think of it. A magnetiser feels that he has his "subject" in his power, and you would quite well feel that I, not even in thought would stretch out my hand to the radial garland that surrounds you. Of that you are aware! And though you shun haughtiness or vanity, this you know: that you are my fancy.

Yes, fancy! Read the Loveletters. That's my portrait. There too, I'm sensual, and now and then I sing lines of the Song of Songs. There too I stop repeatedly, just as it does, and again and again start up. There too all flows together: poesy, love, desire for what is highest, irony, sarcasm, spirit, commonplaceness, "business", weakness, raving....

Ogod, ogod, all of that together is the long line that runs from the grain of sand to god, from Sirius to a knitted stocking.... that is all, the entire, nature, the copy of what is.... that is genius!

And are you cross when signs occur in it now and then that deviate from the usual? But, mimi, then I would have become a grocer, or minister or resident or professional author. Then I would not be me, then I would not love you so wildly, and not so intensely! And not so tenderly and holy.... all in one.

Oh, take me as I am! I tell you: fear not. But whatever happens, even were I small and dumb (it would indeed be dumbness to spoil any part of my feeling for you!) well now...

Aye, I am interrupted, my mood is gone, I would, I believe, write: Well now, do take me as I am.

Amsterdam, Sunday night.

Again I'm interrupted. The first time it was Hodz who invited me to ride along with the family to the woods. I had reason not to decline as I had so often done lately. I will think of her, I thought, and write this afternoon. I did think of you! The entire road! And I felt bad that you had such a curt little note.

Upon coming home I began after supper, and scarcely had I started then some one from the railroad came to see me. He came from Everdine and the children. He stayed till half past eight and we went together to this place (rondeel) there being no spot at the munt again. At last here. It's now almost one o'clock. I was and am a little tired. And there are people singing in the street. Oh, I am glad they are happy, but would like a little quiet. Outside of the stories of the gentleman from Brussels about Tine and the children, everything was a bother. I want to think so much about you alone.

When I sat me down this morning I knew that I wanted to write to you at length about two things, the two things that upset you so. Aye, my mood is gone. In that carriage with the Hodzes I had to talk, at dinner, in the waiting room I suffered being stared at and spoken to. Then in the train. All the time I heard the old complain:

Es muss doch ruhig sein
Da unter Gras und Blumen
Zu schlafen ganz allein....

O, that I could be sure that people think in that sleep. Imagine an epitaph:

"Quiet, walker, passerby, quiet.... I think!"

You know it, you believe, mimi! O, that is good. But I do not believe. I do hope.... no not even that. I wish only, or even more exact and shabby: I might wish. Further I don't go.

Yes, wishing I would! Think, I would always be near you. But it's impossible, it's impossible! And atill I think that you keep on believing it. It becomes you to believe it and to see your mother again. And if your belief is justified over my doubt and my fear, what joy we will have then through comprehension. Then I shall know too why I love you so, mimi, and there will be no disturbance such as today's, such as all the time....

Today in the carriage I laid my hand on my mouth and pressed on it and checked the pressure which I felt. Yes, I thought, with which I shall call: mimi! when that mouth no longer feels pressure? With what shall I beckon her when these arms lie so, so crossed over the breast as is common with the dead? And I crossed my arms and I imagined I was dead, and said: mimi, do you hear that I can still call?

Tomb-thoughts? O, o, I am not afraid of death.... but only of our separation!

Oh, that singing in the street! What jarring notes! Might you too hear singing now? Are you lying awake? Perhaps you are depressed about my bitter writing. How often have you suffered grief already from me and because of me. That must not happen again. How angry I would be if some one else caused you grief. And I do it myself. I am aggrieved and must sleep. Good night, my dear child, my child! . Oh, my mood is not at all frightening, I wished so much to see you and kiss you on your pure forehead. Yes, pure is your entire appearance.

Monday morning.

So I fell asleep. There was much sorrow in my desire for you. And this morning! There she is! I thought when I awoke, as if you were the day, the awakening, the consciousness. I do not think of you, I think you. Do you comprehend that? You are not within my thought, you are my thought. I cannot live without you.

Does that frighten you? Would you that it be otherwise? My desire for you is still stronger than it was sunday. Day before yesterday Marie said, when I spoke about you: Yes, I'm well aware of it, she is entirely woven into you! That too I have written to Tine.

What a fatigueing morning. It8s now past twelve and at eight o'clock I was already waiting. I wait as did Saidjah. O, it's not blaming. I know that you could not be here so early

I cannot do a thing before I have seen you and before I know that all between us is good. How is it possible that I could write so curt to you.

Sorry that I was interrupted yesterday, I had so much to write you and not so strange as today, since I am agitated now. Well, tomorrow I'll write you more, a great deal more. Now I cannot but wait and say that I wait.

That water of the Amstel under my window shines so I cannot see any more. It also grieves me to see others pass on that stone bridge. And what dismal pictures press themselves before my eyes. There was a horse too weak for his heavy loaded wagon. He was beaten and encouraged. The poor animal's will was good, but he could not. There he dropped on his hind legs and with his front

legs in the air drawn backwards by the sliding wagon. Then a piece of the harness broke and dropped backwards a few steps. I went down there but could render no help. Then came some jews driving hogs, and rested a bit in the shade on that little square in front of the munt. (That driving of hogs, that carrying of calves with bound legs, one sees neither in France nor in Belgium) And one of the drivers, amusing himself during his rest, stuck the poor animals who had sunk down panting. And in a little while they will be slaughtered! What all coarse things! There too I could not render help.

After all Saidjah did see a little something lovely when he waited.

I took a seat in the Munt, and stared into the street as if I could draw you to me by looking. O mimi, there is no rancor in it, but my desire to see you was never so strong as now.

"Crescendo!" you say. Yes, yes, crescendo.

O, do not let it bore you that I write nothing else but about you. Later I shall give you wisdom, pedantry and even "business" but today let me write as I please. Besides, I do it only in order to deceive my impatience.

If only you come! If only after my letter that was so terrible.... no, no, come you will.

Whether you already have a letter from Everdine? No doubt she will write you. You asked me to see to it that she would love you. Now, that I've done. I am proud of the royalty that I have founded in her heart. That's my domain.

It almost seems to be the Rialto at Venice here. And this room... the prison with leaden roof.

Whether that horse still has pain from that fall?. Whether those hogs are already relieved from their guards? I am terribly dumb today. Mimi.... it's a a quarter past one already. Today, eight/day it was two thirty....

MORE GENERAL REVIEW.*

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*) (I am making a break here in order to put an end to this volume. Of this string there still lie many letters before me, but from the five and twenty which the reader has in hand, the relations can be somewhat grasped, and that was my purpose.

As for the furtherchronicle of this time, it is like that of the preceding years: repetitious as as the story of the ant which Multatuli tells in Max Havelaar. It would scale the height -a straw- with her load -many times heavier than her body- but each time fell back. Then it would lay still for a while, as if stunned by pain, but each time it would take more courage: "Again it grasps its burden, and again it drags it upward, only soon once more and once more to fall into the abyss."
So too is the history of his life.

Facts from this time I have but few to record.
Late in 1862 appeared the first installment of IDEAS. During its writing Dekker was at times in a very good mood. I find in a trio of letters or notes to tine, all sans dates, the following sentences:

The Ideas are going well, very well. The issue was doubled and yet soon a second printing. But amusing, every one speaks about them, but writing about the Ideas they dare not. As soon as 26 sheets are ready we send an announcement to all periodicals known, that should oblige them and it's my guess that the bomb of affected silence eventually will explode.

(In a second letter.)

People have come to Meyer's telling him that they no longer chose to go along with mediums who are against me. I am being discussed as a bible-text. You have no idea of it.

(And in a third letter)

All well. The demand for Ideas such that Meyer says: You with your Ideas, I haven't time to eat, so many orders!

Meyer and spouse are true angels for me, all is well. The money I will send you tomorrow I'll get from Handels & Effecten blad for a bit of serial. I have much, much in my head. Yes, I have something without end.

(His publisher, Mr. Meyer did not help him with money. The lectures too he discontinued since they no longer covered the cost. Too bad too that with the serials for the Hand.and Eff.blad all was not going as wished for. Having written the "Japanese Talks" for that paper, Multatuli was in form; he wanted to give more, much more. Mr. Broens, the chief editor, was in favor of printing what he wrote, but the stockholders made objections. They feared compromising their paper. Besides mynheer A. threatened to discontinue his subscription and mynheer B. complained that he had to hide the paper from his daughters. Mynheer C liked earnestness and mynheer D. could not and did not tolerate that our morals were being assailed. Briefly, an entire alphabet of objectors.

So it came about that Multatuli wrote no further serials for that paper.

As a consequence of one thing and another he often was in dire need of money.

Of 12 October 1862 I find a touching telegram touching in relation with the circumstances which Multatuli described in a letter publicised after his death (1 May 1883) in which he says:)

"22 years ago today I was in Amsterdam, and dead broke. There, at 12 o'clock midnight a telegram from my wife who was at Brussels with our children. She informed me that our son (then going on 8 years) had had a heavy attack of diphteria and that the doctor did not rule out a fatal ending. What more natural then than taking the train the next morning? Oh yes, but I didn't have a penny. In the midst of

night I went out to beg what was needed in order to visit my dying child. Imagine what that meant at that hour. Real friends, so to say, I had not, I had to ring the bell at acquaintances who might take it ill that I interrupted their sleep.

Some of them did take it ill. At the house of another I learned that *m'nheer* had not come home yet and that, if the matter needed such terribly needed attention, might find m'nheer in .... some pub or other! I still shiver as I think of that night, and I don't want to mention much of what I experienced.

But I got -no matter how- all I needed. That morning early -you realize I had no need of sleep- two hours before the train was to leave, I was at the station!- now, very early I telegraphed that I was coming and I requested my wife to send me a message at Dord where the boat stopped, to shorten my anguish. And see, this happened. A nd, more yet, the message sounded encouraging. Only then the tears welled up which on the preceding night, during my difficult odyssey I could not shed. *

*)(And now the telegram:)

"*Douwes Dekker rue de Berlin 31*
Bruxelles.
Comment? adresse vapeur hollande-belge 11h 45m. dordrecht. *Réponse payée*
Dekker.

In that same year there took place a reconciliation with his brother Jan. Of a certain "monday" there is a note to Tine:

Dear heart, Read and be surprised: I have answered:

Dear Jan! I received your letter, and think it very lovely and nice. This is my main impression. But as to the proposal I am *en peine*. I guess it's

impossible but I will write to Tine about it. She is well and in a good mood etc.

About what proposal in question here I am uninformed. I have not found Jan's letter. But after that Multatuli lodged for a long time with his brother who at that time lived in Willemspark at The Hague. I visited him there. See letter XIII.

A later letter to Tine:

Friday.

Dear Heart! Still Willemspark. I'm glad for having come here. Jan and Mary are most lovely for me. I really had much more to write since I gathered many impressions, and lovely ones. So be satisfied. As yet no money. -'Tis to be regretted that Jan is in a lot of difficulties. This occupies him. If it were otherwise that might make it more advantageous to us. But the main thing is that his anxiety and heartiness puts me in a good mood. I'm on good behavior lately. Funny, it tickles me.

I will see you soon. Kiss my dear kids for me. Dagh my tine. Fear not, I will succeed, although I still do not know how.

Jan's anxiety, mentioned here, was quite different from Eduard's, and involved great sums. The question was whether the tobacco harvest had failed, and the warehouses holding hundreds of thousands dollars worth of tobacco, had been destroyed by fire, etc. etc.

In a letter that might have preceded the one just quoted:

The Hague Saturday.

Dear heart, The mood is hearty and good, such as it has never been. So that is quite in order. Jan and Mary both are very lovely. It kind of goes against my grain to respond to the friendly atmosphere with immediately mentioning money, and yet there pinches me the shoe.

I wish so strongly that Meyer were enabled to pay me.

(This last is also contained in another note of a certain thursday.)

I'm awaiting that draft. If only I could succeed in persuading Jan to enable Meyer to pay me.

(And in one that must be of a later date:)

Jan telling Meyer "within a week!" has fooled me. I counted on it. Meyer was in need of money. I said: decide for yourself. Now the promised help doesn't come. 'Tis a bother! But it isn't the end. So take it easy.

(And then a note in lead pencil:)

Dear child, my tine. Cheerio. There's no danger. I hope to write you soon that I'm coming home. That's why I have no desire to write. There's no lack of money. Meyer has received f1000 and there's more on the way. Jan is financing. This is a result of my trip to The Hague. Say now that I'm not a good boy.

Hello dear children. Edu will get a a case of mathematical instruments and I personally will teach him geometry. Dagh dear tine, cheerio.

(Just these days, during the correction of this part, I received from Jan Douwes Dekker's heirs the following documents found in his estate.

1º on a small form:

Libraire Etrangere
de R. C. Meyer
Vygendam I 628 a Amsterdam
Recu de M. J. Douwes Dekker a la Haye
la somme de Mille florins
pour compte Multatuli

f 1000.-

Amsterdam, 17 Octobre 1862
R. C. d'Ablaing van Giesenburg
raison R. C. Meyer....

2º On unsealed paper; entirely written by Meyer himself:

The undersigned accepts to pay to mister J. Douwes Dekker or his order on ultº Juny 1863, the sum of One thousand Gulden provided that before the end of the current year the first volume of the Ideas of Multatuli will have seen the light.

Amsterdam 18 October 1862
R.C. d'Ablaing van Giesenburg
firm R. C. Meyer...

In the latter part of 1862, I think in November, Jan Douwes Dekker and his family departed for the Indies. The brothers never saw each other again.

In the very first days of 1863 Charlotte de Graaf gave Multatuli a couple of thousand guilders. This provided a little relief. Debts were redeemed, Dek even vacated his room at Knobel's and went to Brussels. But in Ferbuary 1863 he was back in Amsterdam, as of that date is his piece about Laura Ernst "The School of Life." In March he was in The Hague, as is evident from letter XII, primarily, I guess, of his encounter with queen Sophie. He stayed at the Hotel der Nederlanden, near Ysveld, where for the first time after Lebak he met mr.Collard, the Duclari from the Havelaar. Later he mostly lived in with the family Hotz.

At that time Mr. J. Hotz was owner of the foundry "De Prins van Oranje" at The Hague. He was an independent man, of peculiar and original concepts. Multatuli enjoyed his friendship and the following year, month after month, repeatedly lodged with this hospitable family.

The in the previous letters often mentioned "Marie" was miss Marie Anderson. I had made her acquaintance at the Membership-catechisation at Ds. Zaalberg's. She and I often discussed Multatuli's works and Marie secretly loaned me the Loveletters and the Ideas, which were banned from my parental home. On a certain day she showed me circular letter in which a Hagueian girl was called for. The result was that I gave my name c/o her address to Multatuli in order to receive his first letter and that she too got acquainted with him.

The only thing published by Multatuli in 1863 was his letter to Mrs. P. that came out in October and was afterward included in the second volume of his Ideas.

G L O S S A R Y.

Page		
3	lettre a la poste bientôt d'avantage.	letter mailed. soon all will be well.
4	tiraillement	uncertainty, anxiety.
10	Magna est veritas et praevalent	Truth is strong and will prevail.
12	j'ai mes pauvres	I have my off days (moments etc.)
19	entierism	entireness
30	Parkan Salak tres sérieux. Le G.G. prend mon parti. Il dit que j'ai raison contre tous.	Parkan Salak very important. The Governor General takes my part. He says that I am right against all.
33	comme un pain benit	like blessed bread.
33	Amice	Friend.
36	advienne que pourra	come what may.
36.	tant mieux	much better
41	à tête réposée	deliberately
48	le lendemain du fait	the day after the fact
48/146	les grandes pensées viennent du coeur	great thoughts (ideas) come from the heart.
65	vogue la galère!	happen what may.
86	la joie vait peur	joy causes fear.
94	Touchant	touching.
97	rancune	rancor, spite.
100	cela vous préservera du pêche..	this keeps you from committing sin.
100/ /168	Es muss doch ruhig sein Da unter Grass und Blümen Zu schlafen ganz allein	It surely must be peaceful There, under grass and flowers Sleeping quite alone.
115	C'était pour s'exercer la main	To hold a hand in it.
116	Il n'y a pas de grand homme...	There is no great man to his valet.
118	tant soit peu	little more or less
119	c'est le bonne politique de ne pas en avoir	the best politics is to have none.
124	Société secrètes	Secret societies
125	de bonne religion	of the right belief.
126	le courage civil	civil courage.
129	En s'approchant d'Eduard on se sont entrainé comme dans un tourbillon	Upon meeting Eduard one is carried away as in a whirlwind.
134	haute main	upper hand.
135	Tydspiegel	Time-mirror. (Periodical)
142	rez-de-chausez	ground floor

152	impudique.........................	immodest.
155	chutes	lapses
155	"Madame, la procession de votre... faubourg est la plus belle que je n'aie jamais vue. La vierge de Molenbeek ne vaut pas la vôtre... et la magnifique couronne! Tenez, sa robe seule, vaut plus que l' autre avec le manteau." "N'est ce pas madame?" "Si, si, votre vierge est magnifique! Et comme ils ont bonne mine les enfants de choeur.	"Madame, the procession of your suburb is the finest I ever saw. The virgin of Molenbeek cannot be compared to yours..... and that magnificent wreath! Behold the dress alone surpasses by far all the others." "Isn't that so, madame?" "Yes, yes, your virgin is magnificent! And the beautiful conduct of the choir boys."
	(The baker's wife glowed with pleasure.)	
	En avez vous, des enfants? En etaient ils de la procession?"	"Do you have any boys? And were they in the procession?"
156	en bleu et en blanc	in blue and white
156	vous voyez bien ses petits anges qui prient et chantet	there they were the little angels who prayed and sang.
164	gourmand	glutton, épicure.
174	Comment? adresse vapeur hollande-belge 11h 45m dordrecht. Réponse payee.	How? Answer steamer Holland-Belgium 11.45 dordrecht. Collect.

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Bk.